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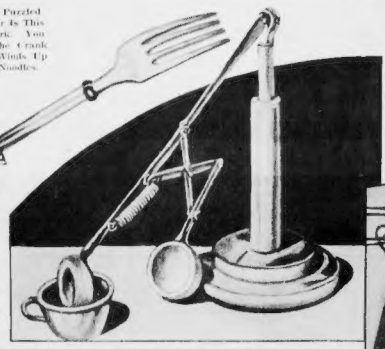
"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Sunday, Feb. 28, 1937

Visions of an Artist – Angry Nature – Painted for This Page by Henry Clive

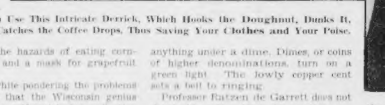
Dine, Drink and Be Nonchalant With These Table Inventions

A Simple but Effective Device in the Form of a Cage, Which Prevents Your Sleeve From Dipping Into the Butter as You Reach for the Sugar Bowl.



A Help to the Puzzled Spaghetti Eater Is This Mechanical Fork. You Merely Turn the Crank and the Fork Winds Up the Slippery Noodles.

Miss Jessica Oakes, the Daughter of the Inventor, Demonstrating How a Doughnut Can Be Dunked Mechanically and Without Hazard.



Dunking Doughnuts Is Good Sport, but There's Always the Drip—Unless You Use This Intricate Derrick, Which Hooks the Doughnut, Dunks It, and Then Catches the Coffee Drops, Thus Saving Your Clothes and Your Poise.

PROFESSOR RATZEN DE GARRETT of Waukesha, Wisconsin, is known to his neighbors as the genius who thought up the mechanical doughnut dunker, the non-fouling butter-dish cage and rotary spaghetti fork.

Chief among these boons to civilization and culture is the doughnut machine. First the doughnut is impaled on a metal hook. Then the rotating arm of the hooker is swung until the doughnut is submerged in the coffee. A little pressure with the finger-tips and the arm swings around to bring the saturated doughnut to the mouth. As the lever moves upward a metal pan slides silently beneath the morsel to catch any stray drippings.

The professor's rotary spaghetti fork embodies the principles of the egg-beater and the fork. The tines are revolved by a few brisk turns of the handle of the wheel, hooked up with the business end of the fork by a beveled gear. The winder-upper spins the spaghetti into a compact ball-like mass, ready for insertion in the mouth.

Besides the dunker, the twirling fork and the anti-smear butter dish, the professor has perfected a machine for lessening the hazards of eating corn-on-the-cob and a mask for grapefruit eaters.

It was while pondering the problems of persons that the Wisconsin genius evolved the self-registering collection plate. It is so made that a red light flashes when a parishioner drops in anything under a dime. Dimes, or coins of higher denominations, turn on a green light. The lowly copper cent sets a bell to ringing.

Professor Ratzen de Garrett does not devote his entire time to creating mechanical aids to civilized living. It's only in his spare time that he goes into the seclusion of his laboratory to work for mankind. In the daytime he's the director for a Milwaukee advertising agency and in that responsible and serious job he uses his right name, which is Russell E. Oakes.

Built a Floating Church to Make the Sailors Feel at Home

PARIS.

ONE of the most unusual churches in Europe floats on a canal in the town of Conflans Sainte-Honorine, about 20 miles northwest of this city. It is a converted barge and is filled up with an altar, pews and all the usual appurtenances of a place of worship. Every Sunday of the year its seats are filled with sailors and their families who prefer this House of God to the more impressive cathedrals and churches in the neighborhood.

The church has been operating for several years. It was the inspiration of a priest, who noticed that the men who work on the fleet of canal barges didn't take the trouble to change their rough clothes and take themselves to houses of worship. The pastor talked with some of these workers who admitted to him that their lives were as much a part of the water and of the shipping business that they did not feel entirely at home in a regular church.

This gave the priest a bright idea and he made arrangements with one of the largest concerns operating boats on the canal to give him a large boat that had been taken out of active service because of its age and general run-down condition. With a little work in drydock the barge was made snug and tight and certain structural changes were made in it so that it would have plenty of room for more than a hundred persons. The planked sides of the deckhouse had many extra windows cut in them and the forward part of the house was ornamented with three large white crosses, one facing the bow and one each on the port and starboard sides of the craft. The doors were made larger and the roof was covered with canvas to make the interior tight against the wind and rain.

The canal men liked the idea from the first. When the church was dedicated the barge was crowded and the attendance has kept up since that time. The sailors—many of whom never have been on deep water—say that they feel very much at home in the sacred barge which, for many years, saw service as a freight boat.

Because of its small size the cost of keeping up the church is not much and the parish has never once gone into debt. When the barge needs repairs the sailors are glad to donate their services, for they feel that the odd place of worship is peculiarly theirs.

Some years ago a similar church was founded in Germany on the River Spree. The Teutonic craft was once a steamer and its pastor is also the skipper, a religious sailorman, who noticed that many of the small fishing villages along the river bank had no church of their own.

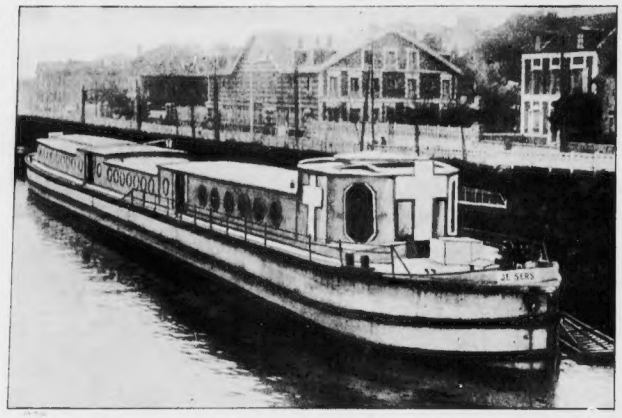
He used some money of his own and solicited contributions from his parishioners-to-be. With these funds he picked up a river steamer which had passed its days of usefulness as a passenger boat and had the craft remodeled, in much the same manner as the French barge was fixed up. He fitted the boat with an altar and pews and erected a large cross in the bow, directly over the pilot house.

Before the floating church had been operating a year it counted more than 2,000 regular worshipers, including the youngsters who came to Sunday school as well as the grownups. It is impossible for the church to drop in at all the communities along the river on a single Sunday so the preacher-skipper has a schedule. He makes almost three ports a Sunday and steams into a wharf or two during the week to conduct hymn sings and prayer meetings.

The German minister has lost track of all the weddings he has officiated at before the altar of his floating church. The boatmen and fishermen on his route believe that it is good luck for them and their relatives to be married afloat and this belief has swelled the fund which enables the parson to keep his holy hull in commission.

The barge moored beside the canal bank on the outskirts of Paris, unlike the German floating chapel, does not travel about bringing religion to its congregation. As a matter of fact traffic is usually so heavy on the network of canals that it seldom would be convenient to tow the craft from one location to another.

Not all the people who attend services on the French barge are sailors because the pastor does not make a hard-and-fast rule that the church is for seamen and their families exclusively.



The Floating Chapel at Conflans Saint-Honorine, France, Built on a Barge Hull and Devoted to Maritime Worshipers. It Is Well Patronized Because of Easy Access and an Atmosphere Familiar to the Seamen.

Boy Heavyweight, at 13, Weighs 230 Pounds

HOW big and heavy Billie Barton, a 13-year-old resident of Northampton, England, will be when he reaches his growth, is a question that has popped into the mind of all his neighbors and several doctors, who have tried, without success, to stop the husky lad's glands from working overtime. Right now this broth of a boy is in grammar school, where, if he were so inclined, he could take a fall out of the principal, or any of the teachers, because he weighs 230 pounds and, as his schoolmates say, is as strong as an ox. He's the anchor man on the school's tug-of-war team and surprisingly fast and active for a person of his bulk.

The boy rides a bicycle to and from school and keeps himself in shape by special daily exercises. He runs a fair dash and never seems to his playmates to be a "freak," like so many people who grow big too fast. He's a smart student, too.

In the photograph at the right the buxom Mr. Barton is shown lifting one of his friends, a normal-sized boy four months older than himself. It is his ambition to become the champion weight-lifter of the British Empire by the time he has reached maturity, but he does not fancy the idea of traveling with a circus as a sideshow attraction.

When Billie was born he was a normal baby and it was not until he was almost a year old that his folks began to notice that he was putting on weight unduly fast. At Once he gained as much as five pounds a month.

The family doctor soon saw that the boy is a glandular case and tried such methods as he knew to curb his patient's abnormal growth. When he saw there was nothing to be done he advised vigorous exercise to keep Billie in good physical condition despite his height and bulk.

The husky lad doesn't yet have his clothes made to measure; he will, though, within another year.

Billie Barton, 13, of Northampton, England, Lifting a Companion, Also 13. Billy, Despite His 230 Pounds, Is Athletic and Supple.

New Adventures in Headgear

THE strange and mystifying paintings of the surrealists, who seem to be outdoing the cubists and the impressionists in pictures that mean nothing at all to the average person, have "inspired" a few of the country's milliners to turn out some of the queerest hats that ever sat atop a feminine head.

The two pictures at the left show "surrealist" creations that set up a mild furore when they were publicly worn. The young woman facing the camera is Maxine Marlowe, radio singer. The chapeau on her pretty head, although it is not at all unbecoming, is fashioned of leaves taken from several Brussels sprouts, a few hand-picked pieces of lettuce, some woven copper wire and, as a finishing touch, a bow of black velvet ribbon. She appeared in the odd top-piece during the recent exhibition of surrealist art in New York City.

The other young woman is wearing a shepherdess cap made of sweet peas, delphiniums and small roses. In the center of these fragrant ingredients—which are so perishable that the hat is good for only a single wearing without having the live decorations replaced by a florist—is a clock dial inside of which is a small crimson heart. When set, like an alarm clock, the heart, which is attached to a spring, pops out of the clock face like the wooden bird springs from a cuckoo clock.

With all due respect to the surrealists, these modes are not sweeping the country.

Left—Maxine Marlowe, the Radio Singer, Wearing a Hat Trimmed With Brussels Sprouts, Lettuce, Woven Copper Wire and Black Velvet Ribbon. Above Is Shown the Newest Surrealist Coiffure, Originated by a Department Store—a Shepherdess Cap With Sweet Peas, Roses and Delphiniums, and a Clock Dial From Which a Spring Emerges With a Crimson Heart Every Hour.

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"Let None Who Betrays You Escape Your Vengeance"

How the Ruthless Law of Russia's Dreaded Secret Police Brought the Love Story of Mme. Sokolnikoff, Trusted Woman Spy, to Its Tragic Conclusion

Felix Dzerjinsky, the Inhuman Monster Who Built Up the GPU, the Soviet's Secret Police, and Who Was Poisoned by One of Them.

Mme. Olga Kameneva, Who Organized the Women's Section of Red Russia's Spy System, but Whose Husband Has Since Been Executed Through the Secret Police, and She Is in Disgrace.

The First Mme. Stalin, Lying in State in Her Coffin. The Story Was That She Died of Poisoned Wine Sent to Her Husband.

M. Gregory Sokolnikoff, Former Soviet Ambassador to England, Whose Career and Romance the GPU Have at Last Terminated in Disgrace and Imprisonment Worse Than Death.

Mme. Sokolnikoff, When Her Husband Was Soviet Ambassador to Great Britain.

PARIS, Feb. 20.

THE dreaded secret police of Russia was brought to its present state of efficiency by Felix Dzerjinsky, a half-mad, sadistic, and wholly inhuman monster who was responsible for the murders of hundreds of thousands of men and women and was himself poisoned by one of his own spies. The first law that Dzerjinsky laid down to the secret police, the GPU, was: "Let none who betrays you escape your vengeance."

And now with the conviction of Gregory Sokolnikoff, former Soviet Ambassador to England, and the expulsion of his brilliant and once beautiful wife from the Communist Party, this cruel law which Dzerjinsky made has been ruthlessly carried out.

For Mme. Sokolnikoff was a spy of the GPU, whose special duty it was to watch over her husband while he was Ambassador and report minutely, not only everything he did but any suspicions she might have about his loyalty or his use to the Communist Party. She fell in love with the man she had married to spy upon, and was not only guilty of sending in false reports to her masters, but suspecting that her duplicity had been discovered, had even tried to keep him from returning to Russia when the summons came. And now has come her punishment.

If anyone thinks that the ten-year sentence given Sokolnikoff was merciful, they are mistaken because he will spend it on what is called the "Island of the Nightingales," without doubt one of the worst prisons in the world where brutality holds sway, disease stalks, and the life of the miserable inmates seldom exceeds five years.

Nor is the expulsion of Mme. Sokolnikoff from the Communist Party anything but refined cruelty because she will not be allowed to work, will receive no food or clothing except what she herself can pay for, or that her friends dare to smuggle her, and will live a life of a miserable outcast—unless, as is probable, she is sent to some desolate prison camp where her white hands will soon be calloused with the hardest kind of toil, all that remains of her beauty blotted out and the brilliancy of mind and wit which delighted diplomats in London gone forever.

Now that it has come to its inescapable end, the tragic love story of the Sokolnikoffs reads more like the plot of a Dumas romance than like a drama in real life. Only in Russia of today could it have happened.

When, some seven years ago, it became apparent that the long negotiations with the British Government were about to bear fruit and diplomatic relations were to be resumed with the Bolsheviks, a rather delicate situation presented itself. Despite their prejudices against anything that could be called a gentleman, it would never do to send to St. James as the Soviet Ambassador a rough-necked Red. But in looking for a man of education, culture and refinement the Soviet Foreign Office found few on their lists of trusted "comrades" who would fill the bill.

At last the first wife of Stalin, Nadia Alliluieva, suggested Sokolnikoff. He was, and had long been, a close personal friend of hers. He had been among the early Bolshevik leaders and a trusted lieutenant of Lenin. Besides that, he had sided with Stalin against Trotsky. Stalin seems to have liked him well enough, but whether he did or did not, the influence of his wife was strong with him, and he used Sokolnikoff as one of the "Efficiency Commissars" who are kept constantly traveling over the country to find out why, from railroads to factories, nothing seems to run right.

The polished and able Sokolnikoff was obviously the man for the Ambassadorship. He would know how to behave at court, would not try to scold the English as "wicked capitalists," and was just the man to bring home the bacon in the shape of loans and business Russia so urgently needed. But, after all, would a man who was able to adapt himself to such a wicked civilization as England's be trusted? Even if he were untainted now, how long would he remain so?

After considerable thought, the chiefs of the GPU found, as they believed, the solution of their problems. There was on their list of A-1 spies a woman of high intellectual attainments and unusual beauty. She was a thoroughly trusted Communist and a graduate of the GPU's peculiarly Oriental and highest training school for women spies. This interesting institution bore the ironic title of "Society of Cultural Relations" was under the direction of Mme. Olga Kameneva and, among other things, taught its students about everything there is to know of the art of snaring men—rich or poor, young or old, saint or devil. This woman, Vera Vorogrigina, was one of its most accomplished graduates. Her connection with the GPU was, of course, known only to its heads, but she had been entrusted with many delicate and difficult undertakings.

So Vera, who was in Paris at the time, was sent for and given her assignment. She was to cultivate Sokolnikoff and so fascinate him that when he became ambassador, if he did so become, he couldn't bear to leave her behind. Whether she went as part of the embassy, and she was well qualified to fill any post, or as his acknowledged mistress made no difference. The essential thing was to gain such influence over him, capture so completely his confidence that she would know everything he did, whom he saw, even his thoughts—and pass all this on to the secret police.

In the meantime, until she had accomplished her conquest, M. Sokolnikoff's appointment would rest in air.

Vera laid siege to her living fortress and secured its capitulation with remarkable celerity. Her success was indeed much greater than the GPU had looked for, because M. Sokolnikoff, deeply in love, proposed honorable marriage. It seems even to have surprised the lady herself, and in light of what happened after, so touched her that at that moment she began to fall in love with the man she was paid to betray.

Knowing nothing of this potential menace to their plans however, the GPU were delighted. Nothing could be better. As Mme. Sokolnikoff she would be entitled to share her husband's most secret thoughts, and could spend practically night and day on her job. M. Sokolnikoff was made ambassador and she sailed with him.

For a time, it seems, she kept her masters abundantly informed of her husband's every word and deed. But that spark of love which had been kindled when in all trust he had given her his name and his honor in her hands, grew.

She fell in love with him as wholly, as passionately, as she had seduced him into falling in love with her. She kept right on reporting—but there was a subtle change about those reports which the subtle experts in intrigue, treachery and murder who were her masters soon detected.

So without the slightest hint to her, or change in their manner toward her, the GPU put other spies on Mme. Sokolnikoff.

Experienced as she was in the methods of the secret police, it would be strange if she had not suspected this. But it may be that love clouded her judgment, as it has many women faced with dilemmas somewhat like hers. It would seem that she must have realized there could be no escape for her or her husband. It can be imagined what terror and despair must often have overwhelmed her. Even in the Embassy in London she knew there could be no escape for either once the GPU had signed their death warrant.

She must have known the details of what had happened to General Serge Koutiepoff, Russian Czarist leader and head of the White Russian refugees in Paris. Under constant guard, he had been seized by agents of the Secret Police on a crowded avenue, thrown into a taxi—and none had heard of him thereafter. A young woman, a fascinating GPU agent, had led him into the ambush. There was an investigation, and a thorough one, and during it Andre Fikner, who had been a secretary of the Russian Embassy at Berlin, wrote to the Surete from the place where he lay in hiding, offering full confession if guaranteed immunity and protection from the GPU, which he feared had decided to kill him on the principle that "dead men tell no tales." He said that he had led the GPU squad which had captured the General.

Koutiepoff had died, he said, of an overdose of narcotics given him to keep him quiet. The body, he said, had been taken to the Soviet Legation in the Rue de Grenelle, Paris, dismembered, cut in pieces, the pieces put in a number of small coffins, carried to the graveyard for animal pets at Asnieres, and tearfully interred one at a time.

GPU agents, according to Fikner's confession, put the dead man's head in an elaborate casket, while a weeping woman, supposedly the sorrowful mistress of the contents, watched its interment and deposited on the grave a great wreath of roses, with the affecting tag "Toto Cheri" (Dear Toto).

Fikner promised to show the Paris police where some of the pieces had been buried and to make a sworn confession. Then nothing more was heard from him. He never again communicated with the French police. Nor was it much of a mystery to them why he didn't. His hiding place without doubt had been discovered—and that was the end of Fikner.

Nothing could be done in the way of search of the Soviet Legation, because diplomatically it is Russian soil, and no government has any right to go into it, no matter how great the reason.

No doubt Mme. Sokolnikoff must have thought of this and other cases of the kind many times. Her husband could be murdered in the Embassy and nothing could be done about it. She was caught in her own trap, hoisted on her own petard, and perhaps she recalled the old Biblical admonition "For all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Or it may be she counted on the friendship of Mme. Stalin to save them.

Then, one day, Sokolnikoff received a summons to Moscow to attend a special meeting of the Foreign Department. As such things were common enough happenings he had no inkling that anything but compliments for his good work awaited him. But Mme. Sokolnikoff, who all this time had concealed from him her connection with the GPU spy system and that even then she was sending it daily reports on him, had a premonition of evil. She pretended to be sick and begged him to take a cure with her in Switzerland first, presumably hoping this would give her time to verify her suspicions through her old connections in Paris.

Sokolnikoff offered to leave her in Switzerland and join her there after he had reported to his superiors. At that his wife got better and went with him. Not till they reached their destination did the Ambassador learn that he had been dismissed from his post and was under the strictest scrutiny and suspicion. Vera, dismissed from the GPU, was in a more unpleasant spot and then, for the first time, saw fit to tell her husband of her spying, now that it was over.

The next day both were arrested on vague charges of conspiracy. Most anything might have happened to them, from one of those strange trials to a mysterious disappearance, if Mme. Stalin had not intervened again. The Sokolnikoffs were released and he was given an unimportant post at Moscow.

But in 1935 the first Mrs. Stalin died, supposedly from a bottle of poisoned wine intended for her husband. From then on the Sokolnikoffs were doomed.

And now—the end.

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Why Artist Models Can No Longer Be Beautiful But Dumb

Left—The Modern Model Must Be an Actress as Well as Shapely and Pretty. This One, Sandra Wearing, Is Registering Happiness and Good Humor—and Incidentally Showing Dazzling Rows of Teeth.

Below—Miss Wearing, Being a Capable Model, Can Depict Grief Just as Convincingly.

Photos by Isabel Hoffmann

Artist Dean Cornwell Directing His Model. "Hold that heartbroken pose," He Tells Her. Only an Actress Could Do It.

Models in the Past Were Required Simply to Be Beautiful. They Didn't Have to Worry Much About Acting Ability.

TIME was when artists' models didn't have to do much but stand, sit, or recline in relaxed attitudes while their forms and their features were put on canvas. Even in recent years many of the pretty girls who "sat" for magazine covers and calendar illustrations needed nothing much to recommend them to the artist but exceptional comeliness and charm.

But times have changed and the young woman who would go in for modeling today have to have more than a touch of acting ability in their systems if they expect to make good in a big way, graduate from modeling for artists and photographers and go on to bigger things on Broadway or on the sound stages of Hollywood.

Walter Thornton, head of one of the largest and most successful model agencies in New York City, is authority for this statement and he ought to know because he has handled hundreds of models—not only shapely and comely young women but men and youngsters as well. There is hardly a well-known artist or photographer in New York who has not, at one time or another, called on Mr. Thornton to send him just the right model for some particular job.

The picture of Artist Dean Cornwell and a model above dramatically illustrates what Mr. Thornton means when he says that the best models can no longer be beautiful but dumb. Cornwell is not, like the old-time painter at the right of the page, merely painting a feminine face and figure. He is working on an illustration which calls for the registering of intense emotion, and the model must be able to understand what he wants and register that emotion by her face and her body, or she just won't do.

"Every year," says Mr. Thornton, "many hundreds of girls come to me and tell me of their ambitions to be artists' models and, if they have the ability and the breaks, to use the profession as a stepping-stone to careers on the stage or in the movies. Not one of 50 of these applicants has the face and the figure for modeling—and not more than one or two out of every hundred has that modicum of acting ability that they need to enjoy big success in this business. Nowadays so many artists are called upon to make illustrations for fiction and for true-life situations which must be dramatized, and every commercial photographer is calling constantly for men and women who can act as well as look the part."

The model shown in the photographs at the left of this page—Miss Sandra Wearing—is seldom out of a job.

Thrills of Being a Frisco Fireman

A FIREMAN'S life is no bed of roses, in spite of all the time he gets to slide about the firehouse between calls and working on the equipment. But there are compensations to being a "smoke-eater," as the picture below charmingly shows.

San Francisco is as close to Hollywood that it is impossible to demonstrate anything without launching it in the Hollywood manner, with plenty of ballyhoo and, wherever possible, with a pretty girl or two to catch the interest of the cameramen and the eyes of editors.

So, when the San Francisco Fire Department got around to trying out a new life-saving gear that, in a way, takes the place of fire-escapes, it was decided to call in two shapely young women to ride from the top of a building to the ground as a way to show the strength and efficiency of the device. The fireman went along to work the gadget and, as he himself admitted thoroughly enjoyed the ride.

It seemed to him more fun sliding to earth with two such charming young women than doing the same thing with a couple of his fire-fighting buddies or a sack of sand which, for all practical purposes, would have served just as well.

But Hollywood ballyhoo, notwithstanding, the life-saving gear worked to perfection and, for its size, weight and portability, is surprisingly strong and useful. The combined weight of the firemen and his comely assistants was between 300 and 400 pounds. The light cable held them safely and they weren't uncomfortable in the leather harnesses which were strapped tightly around them before they began the descent.

A little gadget, operated by the fireman, regulated the speed of their slide. They traveled smoothly and made a perfect three-point landing—without ruffling a feather. The young women got a big thrill out of the trip and wanted to do it again, even without clicking cameras on the job.

The ingenious fire-escape is intended to carry only one person—after that person has read the simple instructions for using it. The purpose of the "test" shown was to demonstrate its ample margin of safety.

Oh, for the Life of a Fireman in San Francisco. When They Are Called Upon, as the Photo Shows, to Make Experimental Rescues With Their New Escape Ropes.

James F. Gwynn, of Fairmont, W. Va., at the Breakfast Table, With the Honey for His Hot Cakes Coming From a Faucet Connected to a Pipe in the Wall, Which Runs Directly to the Source of Supply.

Honey Piped from the Hive to the Table

JAMES F. GWYNN, of Fairmont, West Virginia, never feasted on manna from Heaven, as some of the people of Biblical times did, if the Scriptures stick to fact. But he can sit down at his kitchen table with a stack of buckwheat cakes before him and draw honey from the wall.

Mr. Gwynn is a dealer in honey, but he is staging no publicity stunt to boost business by this interesting maneuver. He didn't even have a jar of honey hidden away somewhere in order to perform the trick. It was an accident, if not one of those things sometimes called an act of God, that made it possible for him to tap the sweet nectar of the bees right to his table.

Last Spring, a swarm of bees on the loose somehow found their way into the Gwynn home, not into the rooms where they jabbed at the owner and members of his family, but between the partitions. Mr. Gwynn didn't know at the time where the swarm went, but he began to suspect when, one day, he saw a sticky smudge on the kitchen wall. A look around revealed a similar dripping down on the clapboards on the outside.

Those spots were honey, and good, edible honey, and because they were several feet above the floor they showed that there was a lot of the stuff stored away in the partition. Mr. Gwynn, besides selling honey to other people, likes the product himself, so he called in a plumber and had a pipe line run to the source.

As the photograph above plainly shows, the pipe comes neatly out of the wall, runs down to a few inches above the kitchen table. The faucet is fitted with a strainer, so that the honey is not contaminated. As a matter of fact, there never has been any taste of wood or plaster in the surprise package that several thousand busy bees decided to leave in a dwelling instead of using a man-made hive, or going out in the woods to build a hive for themselves.

Just how much honey the bees presented the honey dealer with he doesn't know yet. He does know that he has drawn off quarts of it for his personal use, and has treated many of his friends and neighbors with some of the natural sweet, knowing that they would get a big kick out of having honey served in this unusual way.

Some years ago a Spaniard, by the name of Jose Rovira, worked out a scheme of drawing honey from a spigot, but he had to invent the method himself. His invention was a mechanism that fitted inside a hive. It consisted of a lever and a battery of small, sharp blades. These blades were so made that they didn't interfere with the work of the bees, who went right ahead making wax combs and filling them with the liquid food. But when the lever was turned the little blades sliced through the partitions of wax and released the honey stored up in the little cells. The honey dripped down into a catch basin and was drawn out of the hive through a spigot.

The smart senor never did perfect his device so that it would bring honey, ready to eat, right to the table, but he did start something in his native land before the officials finally decided what to do about his revolutionary idea.

The Department of Agriculture decided to give the hive its official O. K. and show it to farmers in every section of the country, but before they got around to this, jealousy broke out in the Department of Livestock—just why, no one could figure out—which insisted that showing the hive was the job of its officials. The Department of Agriculture eventually won out and a company was formed to manufacture the ultra-modern hives.

Animal Courtesies on the Kentish Farm

BRITISH photographers, amateur and professional, are forever snapping "cute" pictures of animals. The English public seems even more interested in such camera studies than people in this country. Not all of these pictures are what might be called natural; many of them are posed and demand considerable patience on the part of the photographer.

The picture below, however, is very much "on the level" and was taken on a farm in Kent, England, by a fellow who had no notion of trying to catch a friendly chat between a puppy dog and a horse. He was on his way to take pictures of some prize-winning cattle when, passing a stable he saw a work-horse thrusting down its muzzle to hobnob amiably with a six-weeks-old pup who has its quarters in the same building.

For a while the pup romped awkwardly about the stall, barking in a tenor voice, not seeming to be quite sure weather it was all right to come close to such a big animal or not. But the obvious friendliness of the horse soon convinced the little fellow that he was perfectly safe and the pup wound up by standing uncertainly on his hind legs and licking the horse's soft snout.

The owner of the farm explained to the cameraman that he never had made an attempt to educate his dogs and horses to like each other, but that many litters of pups had been born and raised in the stable.

The horses, knowing the fathers and mothers of the canine youngsters, seemed to take an interest in their offspring and the pups soon learned that the big animals were nothing to be afraid of, except when they were walking or galloping about the barnyard.

The horse shown in the photograph is an especially good-natured Dobbin that takes more interest in the young dogs than any of the other beasts of burden in the stable. He took an especial liking to this pup and the affection was generously returned. On cold nights the pup usually sleeps in the stall with the horse.

The touching picture has been entered in an exhibit of rural camera studies.

"Good morning to you." Is the Unspoken Greeting of These Two Pals on the Farm in Kent, England, Where London Photographers Go to Get Their "Animal Interest" Snapshots.

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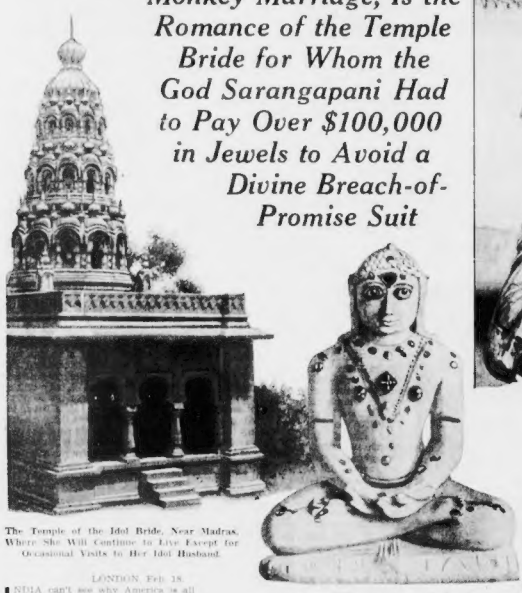
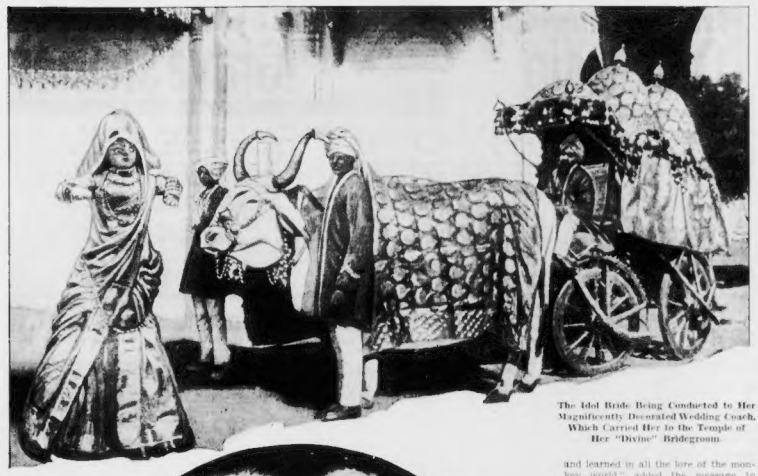
Married the Idols and Hope for Some Baby Ones

Queerer Than Tennessee's Child Wedding or Even India's Holy Monkey Marriage, Is the Romance of the Temple Bride for Whom the God Sarangapani Had to Pay Over $100,000 in Jewels to Avoid a Divine Breach-of-Promise Suit

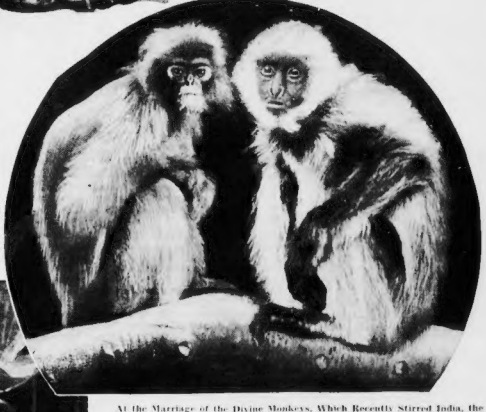


The Temple of the Idol Bride, Near Madras, Where She Will Continue to Live Except for Occasional Visits to Her Idol Husband.

The God Sarangapani, With Some of His Enormous and Priceless Jewels Decorating Him.



The Idol Bride Being Conducted to Her Magnificently Decorated Wedding Coach, Which Carried Her to the Temple of Her "Divine" Bridegroom.



At the Marriage of the Divine Monkeys, Which Recently Stirred India, the Bridegroom Vithal, Descendant of the God Hanuman, Was a Monkey Just Like This at the Right, and Sunderi, His Bride, One Like That at the Left.

Pathetic Picture of Little Nine-Year-Old Eunice Winstead Johns Sitting Beside Her Six Foot, Twenty-two-Year-Old Husband, a Child Marriage Which Has Its Parallel Hundreds of Times a Year in India.

A Little Indian Bride a Couple of Years Younger Than Eunice, Squatting Beside Her Husband, an Indian Peasant of Thirty.

LONDON, Feb. 18.

INDIA can't see why America is all excited over its marriage of twenty-two-year-old Charlie Johns to nine-year-old Eunice Winstead in the mountains of Tennessee. In India they marry even younger without getting into the papers, and last year two holy monkeys were wed with more pomp and splendor than most Maharajahs would expect. But for a really important one they point to the recent nuptials of a god and a goddess.

Of course, divinity outranks even royalty socially, and though these two divine newly-weds are a pair of temple idols, made by human hands from porcelain, gold, silver and precious stones, the spirit of the two deities they represent is supposed to inhabit them. They may be cold to the touch and seem lifeless as any ordinary statues but, in due time, there will undoubtedly be an extremely "blessed event" and the devout Hindus will be permitted to have a reverent peep at a newly-born little god or goddess. The priests of the temples by casting the horoscopes of the two idols can already tell which sex this will be and when.

One might expect that a superhuman romance like this would run smoothly, but it was about as stormy as an ordinary human love affair, in fact the engagement was as good as broken off several times. This was because the gods of the matter be handled by their priests, who bickered and haggled it sadly. But since this was a marriage made in heaven, if ever there was one, it had a happy ending.

The divine bridegroom is Sarangapani, chief idol of the richest and biggest temple of the district of Kumbakonam in the presidency of Madras. In a niche beside him now sits his new bride and on the other hand his other wife. It is not discreet for mortals to go into the domestic affairs of the gods but it should be explained for the benefit of foreigners that a plurality of wives is entirely proper for the Hindu gods as it is for their humble worshippers.

Sarangapani is loaded down with jewels to the tune of $100,000 as befits the wedding. Some of these have been transferred to his bride and others have gone out of the temple permanently. The priests admit how they raised some of her personal adornments, some going to the bride and some to the temple where the lady said was "luck." It was over this transfer of jewels that all the trouble arose, or almost arose, for the gods who never, unless they are not above taking a personal interest in these financial transactions.

The romance began, as far as mortals know many months ago when the high priest of Sarangapani's temple learned in a dream that the god wished to marry a certain female idol in a neighboring temple and he passed the divine command on to the trustees. Trustees of Indian temples are selected less for their religious fervor than their business acumen. They told the priest to go over and see how good a deal he could make.

He returned with the news that the goddess was willing but that the other temple insisted on compensation in jewels of a value said to be about half a million dollars. At this the trustees of the Sarangapani temple were furious. It is the general custom for a Hindu bride (whether human or divine) to bring the dowry to her husband. This is supposed to remain her own, but he always takes it away from her for safe keeping. They ordered the priest to call off all negotiations.

The priest asked how they dared, destroy the wishes of their god. Their answer was that he must have gotten his instructions wrong because no self-respecting god would approve of such a bad marriage deal. The priest assured them that there was no mistake. Public interest in Sarangapani's first wife had dwindled until she was hardly receiving any offerings at all and even the tributes to her husband were shrinking so that unless something was done to increase interest, a serious financial situation might develop.

Now this goddess though young and not widely known, was for some reason locally very popular and a big money maker. Her marriage to Sarangapani would be a big gain in revenue for his temple and a corresponding loss to the other.

The trustees finally realized the force of this argument and ordered the priest to reopen negotiations to take her with only such jewels as were permanent parts of her anatomy, but not to hear of any compensation. Back came the priest with the information that he had closed the deal but was forced to agree to the payment of a quarter of a million.

Again the trustees were furious. They had given him no authority to bind the temple to any payment. The proposition was an outrage. A goddess like a mortal woman, is considered disgraced unless she marries early, therefore they had only to wait a few years longer and those grasping trustees would be glad to pay to have the goddess taken off their hands. The deal was repudiated and the priest threatened with punishment if he meddled any further.

But, in India, idols not only own jewels but real estate so that many tenants have a god for a landlord. Such tenants are careful to pay their rent because otherwise they will not only be evicted but in bad favor with a deity. Since the gods have property rights, their interests sometimes conflict and get into the courts, where they are represented by their priests, just as corporations are represented by their officers.

The trustees of the goddess now threatened to sue and though the thing could hardly be called a breach-of-promise suit, it would be an unseemly sort of action to have dragged through the courts. The District Attorney brought pressure on the two temples to agree and they did, reducing Sarangapani's jewel payment to an eighth of a million, as it was reported.

That being settled, the news of the divine betrothal was spread throughout the land and every Brahmin invited to the wedding. This was celebrated in much the same way as the weddings of Hindu human beings, except that the idols abounded in many more hours of spiritual exercise than even for royalty.

First the idol bridegroom was decked in temple jewels and flowers, placed in a ceremony and gold palanquin, and taken to the bride's house for a social call, preceded by priests blowing conch shells, and temple maidens performing weird dances and singing strange songs. But the bride and the groom were not allowed to see each other under no circumstances can they do that until after the ceremony.

Two days later the bride returned the call, in an elaborate bridal wagon drawn by a bullock. She was hidden behind curtains, but she was supposed to peep out as the chariot went by, thus to her very glance bestowing blessings on the women along the route.

The wedding itself began with a still more elaborate procession, in which the god was taken around the district for everyone to see, followed by three-hour ceremonies—first in his temple and then in the one she was leaving. The priests then declared that by studying the horoscopes of the happy couple it has been learned that this was the auspicious moment for their union. The bride and groom were brought face to face for the first time.

At ordinary Hindu weddings the mortals are joined together by tying the girl's saree to the man's turban, but in this case a string of pearls are knotted to a chain of diamonds. Then the wedded pair were left in a niche to commune with each other, while the hundreds of visiting Brahmins sat down to a feast that cost the two temples a fortune. But at that, the temples made a handsome profit, for the thousands of holy worshipers knew the gods were watching them and therefore made generous contributions.

The holy monkey wedding was the inspired work of Andhradeva Bhagwat, called Deva for short, and it occurred at Surat, also in this vicinity. He is a holy saint (sadhu) who listens to an inner voice while he goes around begging. One day he announced that the voice had ordered him to find a young monkey who was the direct descendent and reincarnation of Hanuman, the monkey god. In some countries anyone who said he was going to do such a thing might be told to "go sit on a tack." But in India holy men not only sit but sleep on a whole board full of tacks, so that would not mean much.

Deva obediently hunted for months and finally found the god's descendent in the form of a very young monkey. The inner voice identified the animal for him and said that its name was Vithal. For two months Vithal sat in profound meditation with Deva, and then that voice spoke again, ordering the holy man to find a mate for the young god.

"And she must be a virgin monkey, dedicated to a temple of Hanuman and learned in all the lore of the monkey world," added the message to Deva, as he says.

This quest was somewhat simpler for Deva, because he brought Vithal along and let him identify his future bride. When he had done this, the inner voice informed Deva that her name was Sunderi. Nobody seems to have suggested that Deva might be crazy from too much meditation on tacks, and so the pair was married with all the expense and ceremony of a Maharajah or an idol.

Thousands prostrated themselves along the road as the gorgeously dressed-up monkeys passed. They behaved as well as any trained monkeys on the stage, except that Sunderi lifted her bridal veil once, a shamefully immodest thing to do. Fortunately, very few saw it and most of those did not believe their eyes. After the ceremony the newly-weds became peevish and tore off their clothes. That night they were allowed to escape, just two monkeys on their honeymoon.

Not only are child marriages encouraged by the religion which binds four-fifths of India, but they are insisted upon. The penalties to the families which do not marry off their children are contempt in this world and damnation in the next. Ancient Sanskrit verses of the Hindu religion decree that "the mother, father and eldest brother of a girl shall be damned if they allow her to reach maturity without being married."

Miss Katherine Mayo, author of "Mother India," believes that the Hindus would be shocked by the American indignation over the Eunice Johns marriage.

"Unless a Hindu girl is married and the marriage is consummated before she reaches the age of maturity," she said, "the souls of her parents will burn in hell. Not hers, mind you, but theirs."

The Hindu religion also holds a widow responsible for the death of her husband, her "sins" are supposed to have caused it. She may not remarry and is shunned everywhere. All her life she must do penance by being a slave to her in-laws. Since the girls at the age of four are often wedded to middle-aged men they usually outlive them, with the dire results mentioned.

Whether these curious Hindu weddings are between idols or monkeys, or just between some pathetic little girl and a full-grown man, the basis of them is a deep religious feeling, which, oddly enough, bears a strange resemblance to the religious fervor expressed recently by the parents of the child bride in the Tennessee mountains.

The rest of the country was shocked when news went out that twenty-two-year-old Charlie Johns and nine-year-old Eunice Winstead had been married in the middle of a dirt road by a circuit-riding minister. But the parents accepted the marriage complacently as the most natural thing in the world, and they were frankly surprised by the excitement it had caused—all that talk about trying to find some grounds for annulling the marriage, and of passing laws to prevent such a thing in the future.

Whose business was it anyway? As they saw it, it did not concern anyone except the two young people and their parents.

"We 'uns up here," said Lewis Winstead, the bride's father, "set a right much store by the sacred vows of marriage. We read the Bible and do like it says. And the Bible says, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' I wouldn't put my soul in danger of hell fire to bust up the marriage of a couple of young 'uns that love each other."

In full agreement, Mrs. Winstead added:

"We live by the old-time religion that says nobody must interfere between a man and a wife. Charlie and Eunice is married in the church, and now nobody can't part 'em."

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Perils Of Telling Troubles Over Radio

IN recent weeks many people have been telling their personal troubles over the country's radio networks and the success of several programs featuring human woes has brought other similar broadcasts into existence. More and more people continue to parade to the microphones and discuss their intimate affairs, despite the fact that this has become a perilous pastime.

Not long ago a woman, invited with others to discuss marital problems on a network show called "Husbands and Wives," broadcast to an amused world that her husband was a loafer; that while he sat home by the fire, she took care of all the drudgery connected with running a rooming house. The husband, who was listening to the radio, recognized his wife's voice, ran out, leaped into a taxi and sped to the broadcasting station where he beat up his wife, and then made her pay the taxi fare both ways.

Only a few nights ago another example of the hazard of taking family problems to the microphone was disclosed. Most every radio listener is familiar with the Sunday night Goodwill Court. To this radio broadcast, now off the air, came people from all walks of life to receive legal advice. Although most of them could have obtained more practical advice from a lawyer (since the radio broadcast didn't make a practice of depriving lawyers of clients and therefore usually advised an attorney anyhow), the "litigants" of the Goodwill Court seemed to get a mutual satisfaction out of telling the whole world how cruel mean or selfish their relatives are. Of course, they didn't name them.

The majority of those who applied to the magistrates in the radio studio were ill-treated wives. These women often told how their husbands beat them up.

On several occasions the husbands have been listening and have recognized their wives' voices. The results were that when the women returned home, laden with advice, they walked right into another beating.

At other times other clients out of the public ranks had gone to the Goodwill Court to say mean things about their employers. They didn't name them, but often hinted that the employers might be crooked. On some few occasions the bosses had listened in and had figured out themselves who was talking. Naturally, they promptly discharged the employees.

Having Heard His Wife Broadcast Their Troubles, the Husband Rushed to the Studio, Beat Her Up, and Then Dragged Her Out to a Taxicab and Made Her Pay the Fare Home.

One night on the Husbands and Wives program, a husband asked those in the studio, and in full hearing of the entire radio audience, how he could cure his wife of eating crackers in bed. His wife happened to be a listener to the program, and when the complaining husband returned home, wifey was gone, crackers and all.

These and other incidents have made life fairly miserable, or at least full of problems at times for the producers of the radio programs. Recently, they went into consultation to discover if there was any way that they could protect the speakers on their programs against reprisals at home. There was the problem too, of protecting, ethically, any speakers who might confess to a murder or even a robbery. Detectives have sharp ears and can often recognize the voice of a crook acquaintance. When they hear one on the radio, they run around to the studio.

The problem of the broadcasters reduced itself to a method of disguising voices. If some means could be found for making all the voices on the program sound alike, then nobody would know who was speaking, and angered husbands, wives, relatives or employers at home couldn't be sure.

The problem then was put up to radio engineers, and just the other day, the scientific laboratory of the National Broadcasting Company proclaimed the birth of a new child of necessity, the microphone that disguised voices. This instrument, unlike other microphones, maintains a level, but stimulates upper and lower tones. When a tone rises the microphone diaphragm stops vibrating. The same is true when a tone drops. The voices as heard over this microphone are what engineers call "dead-pan." They have no expression, no inflection, and no rise or fall. It is just a voice, like that usually attributed to a ghost.

This instrument of science was put immediately to work. It had no chance to be adopted by the Goodwill Court, which is no more, but it has been hailed as a happy solution of the troubles of the Husbands and Wives' broadcasts. Several nights ago it was tested and with scientific success. It failed however, in its aim. A man from Brooklyn was called to speak his piece. The properties of the microphone were explained to him.

"You name," he asked, "that nobody can recognize me?"

He was assured that he would remain completely incognito so far as his voice was concerned.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I came here with some polite notes. But I am going to throw them all away and tell you just what an awful shrew the little woman is. I know she is a listener to this program, but she does not suspect that I am here. So I'm going to tell you what a martyr I have been for six years."

The gentleman then went on to give his wife a dressing down, and even went so far as to throw fifty percent of her faults to the interference of his mother-in-law.

But as the man turned to go back to his seat, beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. In the studio, the men and women sat on separate sides of the hall. As the speaker glanced over the frowning sea of women's faces, he spotted one that was all too familiar. There sat his wife. But she was a perfect lady. She kept her silence until the broadcast was over. Then she strode forward, seized the man by his arm and dragged him from the studio.

Curious Epitaphs On Connecticut Grave Stones

OF course readers of The American Weekly know most everything because they are readers of The American Weekly. But perhaps not all of them know that among the various societies and organizations there is a National Committee on Grave Marking and Mr. Charles R. Hale of the Connecticut State Library in Hartford is the chairman. And thus it comes about that he has spent many an interesting hour prowling about cemeteries and searching out queer epitaphs from moss-covered headstones.

In the first of a series of articles, Mr. Hale has located and identified the graves of more than 40,000 veterans of wars starting with the Pequot War in 1637.

Despite the solemn nature of his task, Mr. Hale has experienced the thrill that comes to explorers, and in his tours of the burying grounds has come across crudely expressed sentiments, earthy, indicrous and, by modern standards, uproariously funny.

He has found five stones of people whose survivors recorded that they died on April 31, and one which claimed the distinction of marking the last resting place of a man who died on February 30.

Strangest of all is a stone marking the grave of Alonzo P. Love, of Oneco Cemetery, in Sterling, Connecticut. Apparently a prohibitionist to the end, Alonzo's message to posterity was "Vote No License."

In the nearby town of Plainfield is a stone which hundreds see or hear about every year. It reads "Gurdon Cady: Old-Time Fiddler and Prompter. All ready. Mr. Cady!" On the same stone is another epitaph: "Ross, my first Jersey cow, record 21 pounds, 15 ounces butter from 13 quarts, one day's milk. Kind of dumb animals."

In Forestville There Is a Headstone Which Ranks First for Brevity. It Tells of the Sad and Sudden Demise of the Grave's Occupant With the Simple Words, "A Sudden Fall."

Several strange legends appear over the graves of children. On a small stone in Salisbury is recorded: "Died October 15, 1808, infant child of Abraham Nott, age 3 weeks. Supposedly by pinning after clams". Presumably the author meant to say "pining," but the epitaph's meaning is baffling nevertheless.

In Goshen Cemetery reads a stone: "Philip Row's son died October 8, 1915, age three years, by ardent spirits."

Over the grave of a child in Salem is an epitaph: "Amos A. Niles son of John A. and Mary Niles died August 3, 1838, age 3 years. He tasted of life's bitter cup. Refused to drink the cup but turned his little head aside disgusted with the taste and died."

On another stone in Goshen: "Sylvester Boardman died April 1, 1822, age 10 years. Hung himself from a limb of an apple tree standing upon a fence."

A stone in Enfield Cemetery, marking the grave of Ebenezer Olmsted, who died in 1807, at the age of 19, says: "Young but like any man that's born of woman is of few days and full of trouble."

In Stafford Cemetery is this: "Child of Mr. David Fuller died March 1803 aged 3. He swallowed a nail which had been used to fasten an ox shoe nearly an inch long. It stuck for some weeks in his windpipe after that being dislodged it fell down upon his lungs and proved fatal. It is supposed suddenly so."

Another tragedy of childhood is recorded in Rocky Hill Cemetery, as follows: "Vernus, son of Mr. Ephraim and Mrs. Ruthy Williams, he was deprived of life by falling into a well on the 16th of August, 1790, in the 5th year of his age."

In Doolittle Cemetery, Hamden, is this: "Milla, daughter of Benjamin & Phebe Gaylord who born July 14, 1798, and died January 30, 1803, in the 5th year of her age.

"Soon ripe, Soon rotten, Soon dead."

In Litchfield Cemetery: "Sarah L. daughter of Stephen & Maria Smith who died April 16, 1830 aged 3 months and 2 days. She took the cup of life to sip. For bitter was to drain. She put it meekly to her lip and went to sleep again."

Violent death in colonial days is recorded in strange fashion.

In Coventry reads a stone: "This monument is erected in memory of Captain Joseph Talcott who was casually drowned in the Proud waters of Schungaung River on the 10th day of June in ye 62nd year of his age."

In the Old Stone Church Cemetery in East Lyme: "Joel Johnson son of Uzal and Mehitable Johnson was killed by the blow of a horse March 12, 1811 age 17."

In Montville Cemetery: "Daniel Chappell who was killed in the act of taking a whale October 18, 1845, age 25 years. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

In Goshen: "Mr. Ezekiel Parsons died 1810 age 45. He went to the well to draw water it being slippery round the well he fell in the well and was drowned."

In Hebron is the simple record: "Olander Mack died Jan. 27, 1768 in a violent storm of snow."

In Groton: "Captain Solomon Perkins died November 4, 1809, aged 86. He is gathered to his fathers in a good old age like a shock of corn ready ripe."

In Forestville: "You are looking at the grave of a good man."

In Hartford: "A sudden fall."

In Colchester: "Honest men are few in the community but he was one of the few."

At Enfield: "Here lies the body of the truly virtuous Alice Collins, whose price was above Rubies."

In Westbrook: "In memory of Capt. John Hamilton who repaired to the church on the Sabbath 22 of June 1837 in health and expired in church without a struggle age 59. God moves in a mysterious way."

In North Guilford: "On a friendly visit Doctor Daniel Lyman died Jan. 27, 1797 age 43. In his profession very idious and useful his early death is greatly lamented. Thus vain our prospects vain our years we meet to mingle groans and tears and bid the painful last farewell."

In the same cemetery: "Sarah, widow of Benjamin Rossiter age 100. Remember my friends that nothing is needful."

In Stafford: "Mr. David Thomson died Jan. 21, 1803 age 66. His death was occasioned by his falling from a chamber in the night down on the lower stairs there being no rails near the head of the stairs as a guard. By the fall it was judged that he broke his neck and instantly expired."

In Center Cemetery, East Hartford: "In memory of Mr. Phineas son of Mr. Thomas and Mary Burnham who died Tryumphingly in hopes of a joyful resurrection on Decem. ye 22 A. D. 1776 in the 23rd year of his age."

In Sachem Head Cemetery, Guilford: "Ward, Godfrey. In youth I left my native home not thinking this to be my doom. Braving the dangers of the sea in hopes to see my family, but death hath called, I must obey, before them I can see."

In Enfield: "In memory of Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Mr. Thomas Hale, died June 19, 1793 in her 63rd year.

"Here my two wives they be
When I have done I hope my
Son will get stones for me."

In Enfield: "Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers died 1780 age 80. She was a woman of a good graceful person, of a good understanding, of eminent piety and of great Prudence. She shone with distinguished luster in the several characters of a Wife, Parent, Mistress and a Friend."

In Litchfield: "John H. West, M. D. Let the dead rest." Also in the same cemetery is this: "Corp. Joseph E. Camp son of Dr. D. B. & F. J. Camp. Killed in battle at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864, age 22. He sleeps in secret but his grave unknown to man is marked by God."

In Bethany: "In memory of Ichabod Umberfield who was murdered by a maniac January 1, 1856 age 71. A mournful New Year's day to my surviving friends. How sudden I am called away soon as the year begins."

In Old North Cemetery, Hartford: "Those who cared for him while living will know whose body lies resting here. To others it does not matter."

Love for a faithful beast, recorded in Crary Cemetery, North Stonington: "Shirley Peabody, a faithful horse of F. S. Peabody, died April 8, 1875, age 30."

Hot Ice Under Science's Record Pressure

A FEW years ago, during the Ice Carnival in the City of Quebec, a big palace was built of cakes of ice sawed out of the frozen St. Lawrence River. Some facetious newspaper correspondent sent out a dispatch one night describing a terrific fire in the ice palace. The story told of the frantic efforts of the firemen to stop the flames, which started in the upper layers of the ice cakes and the nimble scramble of the firemen to avoid the blazing blocks of ice as they fell.

But science has recently matched that bit of amusing fiction by an extraordinary laboratory achievement. In the Research Laboratory of Physics at Harvard University, Dr. P. W. Bridgman has been able to make a cake of ice so hot that nobody can put a finger on it without being burned.

This scorching ice was made in a new contrivance that produces a pressure of 1,000,000 pounds to the square inch, which is a pressure far greater than any ever before achieved by scientists and equals the tremendous force that exists hundreds of miles below the surface of the earth.

The apparatus consists of a cone-shaped chamber which fits tightly into an opening in a block of solid steel. A series of pistons increases the pressure on the inside, at the same time exerting a similar force on the outside of the steel block. By this new arrangement, the steel is prevented from bulging like lead.

Ordinary ice is placed in the cone-shaped chamber. Heat is then turned on, and at the same time the pressure is applied. As the heat increases, the pressure is made greater and greater, until the ice is raised above the boiling point. But since it is under the crushing force of 1,000,000 pounds to the square inch, it cannot melt. When it is taken out of the apparatus, it is still ice, but a queer kind of ice that is as hot as a live coal, and will blister the hand if touched.

Another curious thing about this hot ice is that when it melts, after being removed from the pressure chamber, the water that comes from it is considerably hotter than boiling water.

Through the use of high pressure, Dr. Bridgman has made five new kinds of ice, one that is cold, but different from ordinary ice and four varieties of hot ice. The variations in each case are due to differences in the structure of the crystals.

So far there has been no suggestion as to how this hot ice can be of any benefit to humanity, but doubtless a practical use will be found for it, since science seldom makes any discovery that is not afterwards found to have some value.

Baby Pawns In The "Widow's" Cruel Racket

IF 48 the last few minutes before the French train is scheduled to start. The passengers in the compartment sit and stare at each other. They wish something interesting would happen to make the time pass more quickly. Suddenly the door opens, and everyone looks up in interest, but no, it is just another dusty traveler. But before the door closes, one can hear the French heels of little black slippers click arrogantly down the aisle. Almost without realizing it, everyone starts listening; the men begin to smile as the footsteps stop before the door of the compartment. The train journey may not be so dull after all.

They are not disappointed. She is wearing a smart little toque with a gossamer veil shadowing her eyes. A dull crepe drapes her slender form and hangs straight about her knees. Her quick stride as she enters attracts attention to the well-shaped calf revealed by sheerest black chiffon hose. But most surprising of all is the maternal attention this beautiful woman in widow's clothes is showing to a blue and white blanket which she carries, from which a pudgy baby hand is reaching up to her playfully.

The intriguing woman sits down without noticing the rest of the occupants, so busy is she with fondling the infant and whispering to it. Finally she looks up in surprise at the others whose sympathy has been aroused by the tender scene, and after a becoming blush she smiles at them.

In the same compartment are some men and women returning to England after holidays abroad. The English are notoriously aloof to strangers, but in a foreign land one always is pleased to hear a native voice—and this woman speaks English fluently. The passengers warm to her as they listen to her excitable stream of baby-talk all jumbled up with respectable English. Even the most reserved persons unbend under the influence of a baby, but most melting of all is the sight of a widow taking comfort in a merry child too young to know that its papa has died.

As a result, when she smiles at them, they smile back; and one of them even makes some impulsive remark about the child, which the fine lady plainly appreciates.

Then an anxious look changes her expression, so that everyone wonders what is wrong. Suddenly she turns to

The Comely Widow First Captures the Sympathy of the Travelers, and It Is No Trouble at All for Her to Get Them to Hold the Baby While She Does an "Errand."

the English woman who seems the kindliest, and whispers something in her ear. She must go back to the station for something important, will the stranger be so nice as to take care of baby for a minute? The comely woman in black is so pleased, and she would be so hurt if one refused; besides, it is not easy to refuse such a request under the circumstances. So the baby is handed over, and the woman leaves. She tucks the child in hastily but affectionately before she goes, explaining to it that she'll be right back and telling it not to cry. Then she departs.

But the charming young lady is slow to appear again. It is getting late, and the woman who is holding the baby is beginning to worry about the train leaving. Not until the train slowly moves out of the station, does the suspicion of a trick dawn on those in the compartment.

Yet that is what has happened. Again and again, at Le Havre, Boulogne, Dieppe, Dunkirk and Calais, both men and women have fallen prey to this latest continental racket. The men are won over by the woman's smiles, the women by her deceiving clothes. Dozens of solitary travelers on their way back from holidays in France have been reporting to the police with great excitement that somebody gave them a baby they didn't want. The local Prefect regarded the first of these stories skeptically, for it looked as if the Britishers were trying to take French leave of their obligations. The English, it seemed plain, were trying to get rid of their baggage before passing the Customs.

Besides, why should anybody give away a baby to a foreigner? Everyone knows that France is worried about the declining birth rate, and a fatherless child is therefore nearly as welcome there as one more respectably born. The French have a different outlook about such things—some of the greatest Frenchmen have been of doubtful paternity. But here was a woman alleged to be giving away part of the French population.

So many travelers made the same complaint that the police are now alert in their hunt for the heartless mystery woman. It turns out that the "widow" makes a neat profit on each baby which she hands out. Each is an unwanted baby which she had adopted for a price paid over by the real parents. Certain French newspapers make a specialty of carrying want advertisements for foster parents, and these are carefully studied. She picks those families which are not likely to investigate her claims. Here again she masquerades in her widow's weeds to convince her victims that she is a gentle and respectable lady. Cleverly she manages to cry when she tells how she was always crazy about children but never had any, and how now, alas, it is too late, for she swears she will never marry again.

She is listened to with ever-growing respect and compassion, and when she shows photographs of her gorgeous residence in the country, the eyes of the parents gleam. They believe their progeny will have an upbringing better than any they could provide, and gladly pay the premium. Of course, the fine lady says she does not want the premium, but by mistake she left her purse at home and needs the money for fare; she will send it back to them the next day. A few hours later, the "widow" is already giving the baby away, and as we have seen.

This new racket has so worried the French Surete Nationale that police are now examining every woman who passes the station barriers with a baby.

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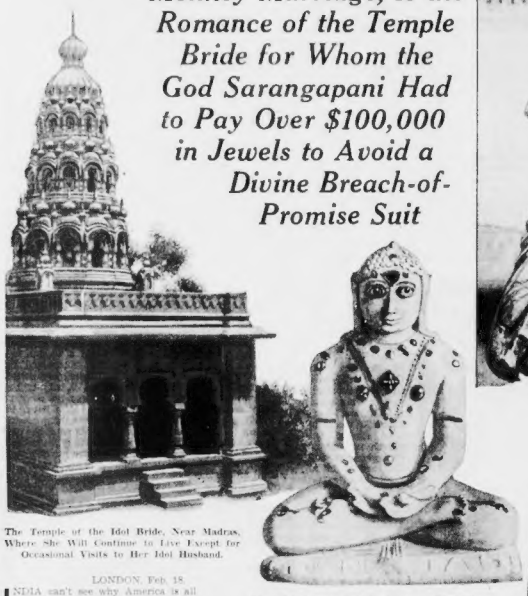
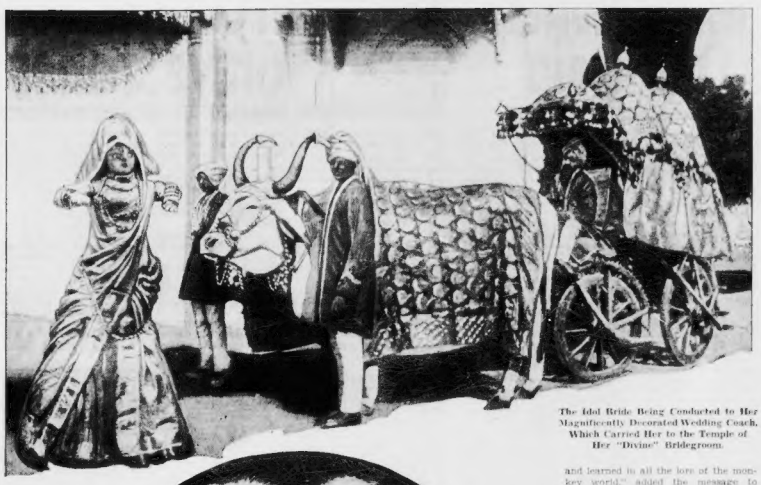
Married the Idols and Hope for Some Baby Ones

Queerer Than Tennessee's Child Wedding or Even India's Holy Monkey Marriage, Is the Romance of the Temple Bride for Whom the God Sarangapani Had to Pay Over $100,000 in Jewels to Avoid a Divine Breach-of-Promise Suit



The Temple of the Idol Bride, Near Madras, Where She Will Continue to Live Except for Occasional Visits to Her Idol Husband.



The Idol Bride Being Conducted to Her Magnificently Decorated Wedding Coach, Which Carried Her to the Temple of Her "Divine" Bridegroom.

The God Sarangapani, With Some of His Enormous and Priceless Jewels Decorating Him.

At the Marriage of the Divine Monkeys, Which Recently Stirred India, the Bridegroom Vithal, Descendant of the God Hanuman, Was a Monkey Just Like This at the Right, and Sunderi, His Bride, One Like That at the Left.

Pathetic Picture of Little Nine-Year-Old Eunice Winstead Johns Sitting Beside Her Six-Foot, Twenty-two-Year-Old Husband, a Child Marriage Which Has Its Parallel Hundreds of Times a Year in India.

A Little Indian Bride a Couple of Years Younger Than Eunice, Squatting Beside Her Husband, an Indian Peasant of Thirty.

LONDON, Feb. 18.

INDIA can't see why America is all excited over its marriage of twenty-two-year-old Charlie Johns to nine-year-old Eunice Winstead in the mountains of Tennessee. In India they marry even younger without getting into the papers, and last year two holy monkeys were wed with more pomp and splendor than most Maharajahs would expect. But for a really important one they point to the recent nuptials of a god and a goddess.

Of course, divinity outranks even royalty, socially, and though these two divine newly-weds are a pair of temple idols, made by human hands from porcelain, gold, silver and precious stones, the spirit of the two deities they represent is supposed to inhabit them. They may be cold to the touch and seem lifeless as any ordinary statues but, in due time, there will undoubtedly be an extremely "blessed event" and the devout Hindus will be permitted to have a reverent peep at a newly-born little god or goddess. The priests of the temples by casting the horoscopes of the two idols can already tell what sex this will be and when.

One might expect that a superhuman romance like this would run smoothly, but it was about as stormy as an ordinary human love affair, in fact the engagement was as good as broken off several times. This was because the gods let the matter be handled by their priests, who bickered and bungled it sadly. But, since this was a marriage made in heaven, if ever there was one, it had a happy ending.

The divine bridegroom is Sarangapani, chief idol of the richest and biggest temple of the district of Kumbakonam in the presidency of Madras. In a niche beside him now sits his new bride and on the other hand his other wife. It is not discreet for mortals to go into the domestic affairs of the gods but it should be explained for the benefit of foreigners that a plurality of wives is entirely proper for the Hindu gods, as it is for their humble worshippers.

Sarangapani is loaded down with jewels but not quite as many as before the wedding. Some of these have been transferred to his bride and others have gone out of the temple permanently. His first wife has lost even much of her precious adornments, some going to the bride and some to the temple where the lady idol was "born." It was over this transfer of jewels that all the trouble arose, no doubt annoying to the gods who nevertheless are not above taking a personal interest in these financial transactions.

The romance began, as far as mortals know, many months ago when the high priest of Sarangapani's temple learned in a dream that the god wished to marry a certain female idol in a neighboring temple, and he passed the divine command on to the trustees. Trustees of Indian temples are selected less for their religious fervor than their business acumen. They told the priest to go over and see how good a deal he could make.

He returned with the news that the goddess was willing but that the other temple insisted on compensation in jewels of a value said to be about half a million dollars. At this the trustees of the Sarangapani temple were furious. It is the general custom for a Hindu bride, whether human or divine, to bring the dowry to her husband. This is supposed to remain her own, but he always takes it away from her for safe-keeping. They ordered the priest to call off all negotiations.

The priest asked how they dared disobey the wishes of their god. Their answer was that he must have gotten his instructions wrong because no self-respecting god would approve of such a bad marriage deal. The priest assured them that there was no mistake. Public interest in Sarangapani's first wife had dwindled until she was hardly receiving any offerings at all and even the tributes to her husband were shrinking so that unless something was done to increase interest, a serious financial situation might develop.

Now this goddess, though young and not widely known, was for some reason locally very popular and a big money maker. Her marriage to Sarangapani would be a big gain in revenue for his temple and a corresponding loss to the other.

The trustees finally realized the force of this argument and ordered the priest to reopen negotiations to take her with only such jewels as were permanent parts of her anatomy, but not to hear of any compensation. Back came the priest with the information that he had closed the deal but was forced to agree to the payment of a quarter of a million.

Again the trustees were furious. They had given him no authority to bind the temple to any payment. The proposition was an outrage. A goddess, like a mortal woman, is considered disgraced unless she marries early, therefore they had only to wait a few years longer and those grasping trustees would be glad to pay to have the goddess taken off their hands. The deal was repudiated and the priest threatened with punishment if he meddled any further.

But in India, idols not only own jewels but real estate so that many tenants have a god for a landlord. Such tenants are careful to pay their rent because otherwise they will not only be evicted but in bad favor with a deity. Since the gods have property rights, their interests sometimes conflict and get into the courts, where they are represented by their priests, just as corporations are represented by their officers.

The trustees of the goddess now threatened to sue and though the thing could hardly be called a breach-of-promise suit, it would be an unseemly sort of action to have dragged through the courts. The District Attorney brought pressure on the two temples to agree and they did, reducing Sarangapani's jewel payment to an eighth of a million, so it was reported.

That being settled, the news of the divine betrothal was spread throughout the land and every Brahmin invited to the wedding. This was celebrated in much the same way as the weddings of Hindu human beings, except that the idols demanded many more hours of spiritual exercises than even for royalty.

First, the idol bridegroom was decked in temple jewels and flowers, placed in a crimson and gold palanquin, and taken to the bride's house for a social call, preceded by priests blowing conch shells, and temple maidens performing weird dances and singing strange songs. But the bride and the groom were not allowed to see each other under no circumstances can they do that until after the ceremony.

Two days later the bride returned the call, in an elaborate bridal wagon drawn by a bullock. She was hidden behind curtains, but she was supposed to peep out as the chariot went by, thus by her very glance bestowing blessings on the women along the route.

The wedding itself began with a still more elaborate procession, in which the god was taken around the district for everyone to see, followed by three-hour ceremonies first in his temple and then in the one she was leaving. The priests then declared that by studying the horoscopes of the happy couple it has been learned that this was the auspicious moment for their union. The bride and groom were brought face to face for the first time.

At ordinary Hindu weddings the mortals are joined together by tying the girl's saree to the man's turban, but in this case a string of pearls are knotted to a chain of diamonds. Then the wedded pair were left in a niche to commune with each other, while the hundreds of visiting Brahmins sat down to a feast that cost the two temples a fortune. But at that, the temples made a handsome profit, for the thousands of lowly worshipers knew the gods were watching them and therefore made generous contributions.

The holy monkey wedding was the inspired work of Andhradewa Bhagwat, called Dewa for short, and it occurred at Surat, also in this vicinity. He is a holy sadhu (sawdhu) who listens to an inner voice while he goes around begging. One day he announced that the voice had ordered him to find a young monkey who was the direct descendent and reincarnation of Hanuman, the monkey god. In some countries anyone who said he was going to do such a thing might be told to "go sit on a tack." But in India holy men not only sit but sleep on a whole board full of tacks, so that would not mean much.

Dewa obediently hunted for months and finally found the god's descendent in the form of a very young monkey. The inner voice identified the animal for him and said that its name was Vithal. For two months Vithal sat in profound meditation with Dewa, and then that voice spoke again, ordering the holy man to find a mate for the young god.

"And she must be a virgin monkey, dedicated to a temple of Hanuman and learned in all the lore of the monkey world," added the message to Dewa, so he says.

This quest was somewhat simpler for Dewa, because he brought Vithal along and let him identify his future bride. When he had done this, the inner voice informed Dewa that her name was Sunderi. Nobody seems to have suggested that Dewa might be crazy from too much meditation on tacks, and so the pair was married with all the expense and ceremony of a Maharajah or an idol.

Thousands prostrated themselves along the road as the gorgeously dressed-up simians passed. They behaved as well as any trained monkeys on the stage, except that Sunderi lifted her bridal veil once, a shamefully immodest thing to do. Fortunately, very few saw it and most of those did not believe their eyes. After the ceremony the newly-weds became peevish and tore off their clothes. That night they were allowed to escape, just two monkeys on their honeymoon.

Not only are child marriages encouraged by the religion which binds four-fifths of India, but they are insisted upon. The penalties to the families which do not marry off their children are contempt in this world and damnation in the next. Ancient Sanskrit verses of the Hindu religion decree that "the mother, father and eldest brother of a girl shall be damned if they allow her to reach maturity without being married."

Miss Katherine Mayo, author of "Mother India," believes that the Hindus would be shocked by the American indignation over the Eunice Johns marriage.

"Unless a Hindu girl is married and the marriage is consummated before she reaches the age of maturity," she said, "the souls of her parents will burn in hell. Not here, mind you, but there."

The Hindu religion also holds a widow responsible for the death of her husband; her "sins" are supposed to have caused it. She may not remarry and is shunned everywhere. All her life she must do penance by being a slave to her in-laws. Since the girls at the age of four are often wedded to middle-aged men they usually outlive them, with the dire results mentioned.

Whether these curious Hindu weddings are between idols or monkeys, or just between some pathetic little girl and a full-grown man, the basis of them is a deep religious feeling, which, oddly enough, bears a strange resemblance to the religious fervor expressed recently by the parents of the child bride in the Tennessee mountains.

The rest of the country was shocked when news went out that twenty-two-year-old Charlie Johns and nine-year-old Eunice Winstead had been married in the middle of a dirt road by a circuit-riding minister. But the parents accepted the marriage complacently as the most natural thing in the world, and they were frankly surprised by the excitement it had caused—all that talk about trying to find some grounds for annulling the marriage, and of passing laws to prevent such a thing in the future.

"Whose business was it anyway?" As they saw it, it did not concern anyone except the two young people and their parents.

"We 'uns up here," said Lewis Winstead, the bride's father, "set a right much store by the sacred vows of marriage. We read the Bible and do like it says. And the Bible says, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' I wouldn't put my soul in danger of hell fire to bust up the marriage of a couple of young 'uns that love each other."

In full agreement, Mrs. Winstead added:

"We live by the old-time religion that says nobody must interfere between a man and a wife. Charlie and Eunice is married in the church, and now nobody can't part 'em."

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Odd Friendships Among Animals

Photographs of Unusual Comradeships That Show There's Much More of the Human in Beasts and Birds Than Most People Think

"Wonder what Old Faithful is having for lunch?" Felix, the Kitten, Is Probably Saying to Himself. Being Curious, He's Bound to Find Out.

Mourning for His Dead Pal—For Many Hours, Until He Was Dragged Away, Rex, Pure-Bred German Police Dog, Thus Guarded the Body of His Little Mongrel Friend, Blackie, Victim of a Hit-and-Run Driver.

Chippy, the Cockatoo, Feels Perfectly at Ease Beneath the Weight of the Friendly Paw Which Tige, the Cat, Often Throws Around Her Neck.

A Real "Piggy-back" Ride. This Cat Made a Pal of a Large Sow Because She Didn't Want to Get Her Feet Wet. Her "Hogmobile" Helps to Keep Them Dry.

Squeezicks Is a Most Ladylike Cat, and the Kiss Which She Sometimes Plants on the Nose of Her Dog Friend, Who Romps on a Frankfort, Indiana, Farm With Her, Is Chaste as Well as Affectionate.

Bill, the Gander, Doesn't Like Cats, but He Does Permit Puppies to Play With Him. Right Now, However, From His Expression It Appears That He's Getting Ready to Send Them About Their Business With a Loud "Honk!"

WHEN Rex, a pure-bred German police dog, recently took up his dramatic and despairing death watch over the body of his pal, Blackie, mongrel victim of a hit-and-run driver, he focused countrywide attention on the many unusual friendships which exist among animals and the strange attachments which they sometimes form for one another.

Rex is two years old, the pride of the family of Jerome Stabile, of Bayonne, N. J. Although he has a long and aristocratic pedigree, Rex is not above hobnobbing with the more lowly members of canine society. As a puppy he became attached to a little black female that didn't belong to anybody but managed somehow to get along.

The two were inseparable. They played together in and about the large automobile service station owned by Jerome Stabile, Jr. Their friendship was the talk of the neighborhood, and folks often wondered about the curious association of the handsome, aristocratic police dog and the smaller, black-haired animal.

Where Blackie came from, nobody ever knew, for soon after her death she remained unclaimed. One thing about her was certain though: rarely would a morning or evening pass without her presence under a window in the Stabile home where Rex would rise from inside with front paws braced on the window sill in response to his friend's short bark of greeting.

When Rex would whine to be let out, there Blackie would be waiting for a romp. And so their friendship continued until one evening not long ago when tragedy entered their lives.

Rex, Blackie and several other dogs of the neighborhood were playing on the street. They were having more fun than usual and in the excitement relaxed their usual caution.

A large sedan rolled swiftly down the street. The callous driver blew his horn but did not apply his brakes. In a twinkling the car bore down on the group of dogs and kept right on going.

Three dogs were hit. One small, injured animal was rushed to a veterinary immediately by its owner. Another was removed later. Hot, lonesome Blackie, who had been directly in the path of the car, dragged herself slowly and quietly to a patch of withered grass adjoining the sidewalk.

In the meantime, Rex, realizing that the sedan had somehow hurt his pal, chased it. He was soon outdistanced by the speed maniac. Then he turned back and trotted to Blackie's side. But the little mongrel was already dead. Gently Rex nudged the warm body and whined. Then he crouched down beside her, one protecting paw encircling her, as if to guard her against the world.

All through the night Rex kept his watch, mourning and whining. Windows in surrounding houses were raised and neighbors poked their heads out to see what it was all about. Sympathetic housewives and youngsters offered Rex food and drink, trying to coax him away from the little patch of grass where he mourned, but he paid no attention to them.

The next day he was still on guard and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was notified. An officer of the Society appeared shortly afterward and tried to coax Rex away so that Blackie's body might be disposed of. Rex merely bared his fangs and growled menacingly. Finally the officer had to drop a net over Rex and with considerable effort, dragged him away.

Since the affair had occurred some distance from the stabile home and Rex's owner was unaware of it, the dog was taken to the S. P. C. A. kennels, his identity a mystery. It wasn't until the next day that Mr. Stabile located him.

In the meantime the story of Rex's faithfulness and devotion prompted many people to make offers of adoption. Several others called the S. P. C. A. and claimed that the dog belonged to them. Rex eyed them all glumly and the experienced officers of the Society knew that their claims were false.

When Mr. Stabile, Jr., called, however, Rex leaped out of the box where he had been lying and greeted his master who took him back home. There he ate a lot of food and seemed to cheer up. Suddenly he remembered Blackie. His ears drooped, his expression became woebegone and he slunk off to a remote corner to brood.

For several days Rex went through the same procedure. He would pause frequently, no matter what he was doing, and mourn for his missing pal. In spite of their sympathetic understanding, the Stabiles at first had their patience severely tried by Rex's actions. Recently, however, Rex's mourning periods have become shorter and Mr. Stabile believes that soon he may again become a normal, happy dog.

Although the case of Rex and Blackie attracted a great deal of attention from pet lovers, dogs are not the only household pets who develop odd friendships. Cat lovers, for example, point out that many a kitten, far from being as aloof as is commonly supposed, will make a friend of another animal.

The photographs on this page show some of these curious friendships. At the upper left is shown a picture of Felix, a husky young kitten, and the friend of Old Faithful, who pulls a milk wagon in New York City. Felix takes keen delight in swinging on Old Faithful's feed bag when the latter is eating. Far from resenting this interruption in his well-earned meal, the horse appears to look forward to it.

Friendships of this kind between horses and cats or other animals are particularly noticeable among thoroughbred horses at the race tracks. Some of the highest priced kings of the turf have lowly companions who share their exclusive box stalls and who travel from track to track with them during the racing season.

An even more curious friendship is the one which exists between a cat and a cockatoo in out-of-the-way West Brunswick, Australia. Tige, the cat, and Chippy, the cockatoo, are the pets of Constable Wise. As shown in the center illustration, Chippy is thoroughly at ease in Tige's presence.

This type of friendship between a beast of prey—which even cat lovers admit the cat really is—and a bird, bears out the theory of some scientists that no matter what the inherited tendencies of an animal they may be corrected by proper environment and training. Thus the meat-eating animals of the feline species, such as the cat and the lion, may be reared in friendship with the very animals or birds of which they are supposed to be the bitterest enemies because their ancestors have been accustomed to hunting and eating them.

This explains why Tige, who was introduced to Chippy when he was a two-week-old kitten, is a friend instead of an enemy.

There is an old fable about a smart monkey and a cat that wasn't quite so smart and who was persuaded to pull chestnuts out of the fire which the monkey promptly ate. That cat might have been one of the ancestors of Tabby, a two-year-old housecat of Cirencester, England. The cat tribe has gained greatly in shrewdness since that episode long ago when, according to La Fontaine,

Sly Bertrand and Ratto in company sat,
(The one was a monkey, the other a cat.)

Tabby, like most cats, hates to get her feet wet. This, her owner says, is the very practical reason for her friendship with a large sow. During the Spring and Fall, the grounds of the Cirencester Farm are very muddy and wet, and since Tabby made friends with the sow that doesn't worry her at all. She perches on top of the sow and uses her hogmobile to navigate over the wet spots and keep her feet dry. This is all very satisfactory to the unsuspecting sow, who believes Tabby likes her for herself alone.

At the lower left is shown a curious dog-and-cat friendship that has been going on for a long time on a farm at Frankfort, Indiana. Here Squeezicks, a young lady cat, is demonstrating to her canine friend how a polite cat may kiss a gentleman friend chastely on the forehead in a strictly platonic manner. Squeezicks' owner says that this is pure friendship, that Squeezicks is quite capable of taking care of herself and can take to a tree in record time if her protector isn't around.

No cat as yet has managed to endear herself to Bill, a pet gander, who is owned by a gentleman farmer at Broadstairs, Kent, England. There are several kittens on the farm and Bill will occasionally permit himself to be playfully mauled by them. If they go too far, however, and upset his dignity he honks loudly at them and they take to the trees immediately.

Bill likes puppies though, and will good-naturedly stand for a lot of rough-house such as the two young pups seem to have in store for him as shown in the picture at the lower right.

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Amateur Burglar Turcotte's Weird Alibi

Robbed His Rich Friend Just to Make His Sweetheart Hate Him, He Tells the Incredulous Judge, Who Gives Him 10 Years' Seclusion From All Women

Lorraine Madore, August's Fiancee, in Bathing Costume.

Young Mr. Turcotte, Who Perpetrated His Strange Alibi.

Whatever His Reasons, August Apparently Made No Attempt to Cover His Tracks. When He Rang the Korn Doorbell and Paula the Maid Opened It, He Lifted His Hat and Hissed Dramatically, "I've come to rob the house."

THE weirdest alibi in the criminal history of Massachusetts was offered in a Salem, Mass. court the other day when August Turcotte, 24-year-old scion of a fine old Salem family who just a few days before had filed notice of his intention to marry a charming neighbor, Lorraine Madore, told a judge he had tested a maid-servant and robbed the house of a wealthy friend just to make his sweetheart so ashamed of him that she wouldn't marry him.

He had, he told Judge Louis S. Cox, who made no effort to conceal his astonishment, decided he didn't want to get married after all but didn't know how to break the news to Lorraine.

Lorraine indignantly denied his story and her parents declared that on the night before the burglary they had told Turcotte that convent-bred Lorraine was too young to marry and that anyway Turcotte would have to make better financial plans than he had before they would allow their daughter to marry him.

And Judge Cox apparently didn't believe him either because after listening to the strange alibi he sentenced Turcotte to 10 years in prison—where, at least, the young man will have no marriage problems on his hands.

Even Francis E. Rafter, Turcotte's lawyer, said the story sounded as silly to him that he hadn't believed it at first. But, as it came out in court, Turcotte, then twenty-two and apparently of blameless habits and morals, met Lorraine some two years ago when the Madore family moved in nearby. Lorraine was then sixteen, and fresh from a French convent. August had never met so charming and innocent a beauty and he was captivated by his new neighbor. They became friends, and in the Winter he took Lorraine to the movies, and in the Summer to the beaches. All the time he grew surer and surer he was in love with lovely Lorraine and certain she was different from any other girl in the world.

One day, when she was seventeen, he asked hesitantly whether she would consider marrying him, and, according to his testimony, she demurely said she would.

But, Turcotte told the court in his weird explanation, after he had gained his sweetheart's consent to marriage, he grew undecided. He said he realized that marriage was a pretty serious proposition, and that maybe he hadn't been so wise. But, his testimony declared, after making this decision, he didn't know how to tell her about it. She seemed happy, friends had held gay "showers" for the bride-to-be, they had filed notice of their intention to wed with the county clerk in accordance with the Massachusetts laws and she had spoken to him of her wedding gown.

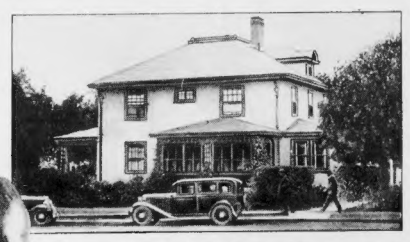
Turcotte decided, he testified, that the only fair thing would be to let his sweetheart break the engagement, but, with the wedding date just a few days off, this seemed a bit of a problem. It was then that, according to his attorney, he hit upon his strange scheme.

The next evening he, his fiancee and her sister attended a bridge party at the home, in Peabody, Mass., of Max Korn, a friend who had made a fortune in the leather business. Turcotte told the court that he decided that he would rob Korn, making certain that he would be blamed for the act. He believed, he said, that such a course would make Lorraine despise him and break the engagement. He said he had supposed he would get six months in jail as a first offender, and that would be the end of that.

With this in view, he told the astonished court, he listened to the conversation of his hosts and learned they were going to another party a couple of nights later and that the only one in the house would be Paula Liskovar, the Korns' 32-year-old maid-servant. Turcotte said that, to be sure he would be recognized, he engaged Paula in conversation the night of the party until he was sure she would remember him.

Then, Turcotte continued, on the night the Korns were to be out, he appeared at their home, watched them leave, and then, in very unburglarlike manner, rang the bell. When Paula answered, he said, he gave her a good chance to recognize him, and then hissed that he had come to rob the house. He ordered her to show him where the Korn valuables were kept.

And This Is Lorraine in the Days When August Was a Good Boy.



The Home of Max Korn in Peabody, Mass., Which August Robbed.

But here was the first step in Turcotte's plan, if he actually had a plan, that went awry. Paula Liskovar not only refused to show him where her employers' valuables were, but put up a good stiff fight to keep him out of the house. Turcotte finally subdued her after beating her half to death. Leaving her moaning on the floor, he made a search of the house and took $1.10 in cash, a watch worth $75 and a pair of $20 cuff-links.

Turcotte in his defense declared that he then went home and sat around waiting for the police to come and arrest him. But after sitting for the rest of that night and the rest of the next day he learned that Paula had been so badly beaten that she was suffering from injuries and shock and couldn't even describe the burglar, let alone identify him.

Turcotte told the judge he decided something had to be done quickly to bring the crime home to him, so he decided to pawn the loot of the robbery, at a pawnshop where he was known, certain that all pawnshops would have been warned to be on a lookout for the watch and cuff-links. If he did figure this out, he was right in this step, at least, because he had no sooner tried to pawn the watch and links than he found himself in the unromantic arms of the law, and then behind bars.

Paula Liskovar, the Korns' Maid, Whom August Treated So Harshly.

Judge Cox, in the Superior Court, at Lawrence, listened incredulously as Attorney Rafter related his client's story of his motive for the crime, pointing out that the youth must be irresponsible and pleading for a light sentence of perhaps six months. Turning to the culprit, the judge said:

"You have heard the statement of your attorney and you must know that it is an admission of guilt made for you. Are the statements he made true?"

"Yes, they are," answered Turcotte.

The court: "What is the name of this girl of yours?"

Turcotte: "I would rather not say, Your Honor. I would rather keep her name out of this."

The court: "Are you trying to get rid of this girl?"

"Yes," was the low toned reply.

"This is one of the strangest cases ever to come before me," commented Judge Cox.

But there is not much chivalry in beating a servant girl almost to death and the judge could not see it as an irresponsible boyish folly. He said:

"For the offenses charged I do not see why you expect a sentence of only six months. I sentence you to ten years in the reformatory at Concord."

And Lorraine and her family were just as unbelieving as the judge. Said Lorraine:

"I liked him at first. He took me many places, movies, swimming, and all that sort of thing and then one night we were walking home from the movies and he asked me to marry him.

"I said yes, but what a chump I was. I set the date and made all my plans. That part of the trousseau I already had bought is packed away. I received some wedding gifts, too. I don't know what to do about them.

"When I think of how my girl friends gave me a shower at my home in Jefferson Avenue, I could scream with rage. I tried to take him into the front room to meet the girls but he wouldn't come in."

Asked if they had laid plans for a honeymoon trip, Lorraine replied:

"Oh, yes, we were going to go to New York and take in the sights."

Lorraine's mother took a slightly different view of the strange happenings, telling the world that she, her husband and their daughter had jointly ordered Turcotte from their home the night before the robbery.

"There is no one who knows my daughter or our family who would believe his cowardly story," she said. "We knew he wasn't good enough for her.

"Both my husband and I told him Lorraine was too young yet and that he should make better financial plans for their future if he really loved her.

"My daughter's name has been dragged into a terrible mess. The girl has done nothing, yet she has been forced to suffer much ridicule."

Lorraine, her mother and her father are much relieved by belief that Turcotte might have committed his bungling burglary just to get revenge because he had been told he couldn't marry Lorraine, than because he was such a chivalrous young man that he couldn't bear to hurt her feelings. They point out, logically, that if Turcotte was trying, as he claimed, to shield the girl from hurt, why did he expose her to far greater shame and ridicule by telling such a story?

But even if the young man had told the truth, and had been so foolish as to seek such a remarkably round-about method of breaking his engagement, he would not have been original in the idea.

One of the best-known dramatic comedies in the period just after the Civil War was "David Garrick," a play based on a traditional incident in the life of Garrick, a famous actor of a century before that time.

In the comedy Garrick was supposed to have fallen in love with a beautiful young girl he had seen in the audience one night. But what Garrick didn't know was that the unknown beauty had fallen in love with him. A short time later he was approached by the business-man father of a young girl who he believed had fallen in love with the actor. The father wished the girl to marry her cousin, a peer, and, knowing nothing of the stage, felt it would be a tragedy for his daughter to marry an actor.

Garrick, assuming the girl to be some love-stricken young thing who had fallen for a matinee idol, told the father he would cure her of her love. When he arrived at her home to attend a dinner and met the girl, he realized it was the unknown beauty he had fallen in love with, but he had bound himself on his honor to disillusion her.

Playing a part, as only a great actor could, Garrick pretended to become slowly drunker and drunker. He insulted each one of the staid, respectable and thoroughly unimaginative guests. He pretended to be a gambler, and when he had frightened a few of the guests into playing with him, he claimed stakes that were not his own, and got into a brawl. He was finally ordered out of the house by the girl's father, who, privately, felt he had done a very good job of disillusionment. And the daughter, shamed and hurt, agreed to marry the peer. However, for the sake of a happy ending the girl learned that Garrick was only playing a part in his drunken scene, and that actually he was in love with her. And, in the end, the father permitted them to be married and they lived happily ever after.

There was no happy ending for Turcotte, who will have ten years in prison to think over the failure both of his burglary, and his alibi.

And as silly as Turcotte's alibi may sound, it is no stranger than a couple of other "excuses" that have been offered in courts recently. Readers of The American Weekly may recall the unusual case of Rev. Dr. John Lester Gregory, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, of Northport, L. I., who was accused by two women of having entered their homes under the pretense he was a physician, and indicting them to undress so he could examine their artificial legs. They charged that, in addition, the minister attacked them. The reverend gentleman told the judge he had indulged in his investigations just to obtain information about artificial limbs for several unfortunate members of his congregation. The minister was sentenced to two years imprisonment, although he appealed the case and said the whole thing was "blackmail."

Hope Dilts, a woman doctor, puzzled Boston police, who caught her shoplifting. Mrs. Dilts had pilfered some $18 worth of merchandise from three stores when police, who had been trailing her, caught her with the goods still in her possession. She was a wealthy woman and the officers could see no reason why she stole such trivial articles.

The doctor startled them by declaring she was doing research work concerning the minds of criminals, and that she had wanted to steal and be captured so she could actually feel how a crook would feel under the same circumstances. She received a suspended sentence of six months after being found guilty of larceny.

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Every Bit of Our Bodies Used Millions of Times Before

Materials We're Built of Once Parts of Fish, Bugs, Dinosaurs, Maybe Our Ancestors, While the Air We Breathe Has All Been Breathed Before

A Heaping Teaspoonful of Sulphur.

Fat Enough to Make 7 Bars of Soap.

Enough Carbon in Us to Fix About 9,000 Lead Pencils.

We Carry 30 to 40 Teaspoons of Salt and About as Much Iron as Would Make a Medium-Sized Nail.

If We Were Measured in a Scientist's Test Tube It Would Be Found That Our Bodies Are Composed of the Materials Shown in the Surrounding Pictures in the Proportions Named.

Also 10 Gallons of Water.

Also a Half Teaspoonful of Soda.

Enough Phosphorus in Our Bodies for 2,200 Match Heads.

And a Quarter of a Pound of Sugar.

Enough Lime in Us to Whitewash a Chicken Coop.

EVERY article of clothing in the blushing young bride may be brand new, yet it would be true if the bridegroom should whisper in her dainty ear:

"Darling, you're just a piece of old junk. There isn't a single molecule in your body that hasn't been used by some other human being or animal. You have material in your bones that was in the bones of dinosaurs and it was millions of times second-hand even then. Maybe you think that most any atom of iron in your blood came from a bite of spinach, but what animal, in death, gave it back to the ground for the spinach to find it? Possibly a hero, more likely a humble worm.

If the bride should give a gasp of indignation the bridegroom might remind her that her breath probably contained at least one molecule of oxygen and four of nitrogen that were present in the last gasp of Julius Caesar when he was murdered in the Roman Senate. Of course he should explain that the statistician who figured that out had to assume that in the intervening period of nearly 2,000 years Caesar's last breath had been evenly distributed throughout the world.

When anyone opens the window for fresh air he does not get it, even in mid-ocean, that is, if he hopes to find some that has not been through the lungs of uncountable men and animals before. The atmosphere of the earth is merely the same scheme on a huge scale, as in a submerged submarine, where the crew rebreathes its own breath, over and over, without discomfort because it is reconditioned chemically. In nature the vegetable kingdom attends to that job.

When a house is torn down, the bricks and some of the other material are carted away to the second-hand yard where, at reduced prices, they are bought to go into new buildings. When man or other form of life dies, Nature's wrecking crew starts to pull it to pieces, but with one difference—nothing is thrown away. Every tiniest bit goes to the second-hand yard, of which the entire surface of the earth is one size. Every particle is as good as new and ready for use in the next form of life that happens to find it.

Even if some of the molecules get broken up, they are still undamaged and combine into new molecules, no different from others of their kind. This is the economy of Nature, which permits no least particle of matter ever to be wholly lost.

To return to that bulkeme of iron. Millions of millions of years ago, when the first fumes of life were appearing on earth, it was, perhaps, a part of the body of a bacterium. From there it went into the body of an amoeba which had eaten the bacterium. Thousands of years went by, during which it moved from plant to living organism, and back again, until it had crawled up the ladder of evolution and was part of the body of a trilobite, a strange creature half-insect, half-crab, which was the highest form of life on earth in the Cambrian Period, some 500,000,000 years ago. In the Devonian Age, two hundred millions of years or so later, it may have been in the blood of a gannoid, the scales fished. Through this plant and that, this creature or that, it went into the building of the first amphibious creature to take up life on land.

Other ages later, and it was eaten by an herbivorous dinosaur and even built its marking, to pass into a carnivorous dinosaur that ate the other. The little lemurs, or tree-shrews, which were the progenitors of ape-man, nibbled it down from some plant that grew over the dinosaur's bones, perhaps. A million or more years later it was a part of a mastodon's meal. A saber-toothed tiger took it with a bit of the mastodon, or an ape-man, killing the beast, ate it in a chunk of the raw meat. Down it came through other bodies and plants until the caveman, say a big-brained Cro-Magnon of 20,000 years ago, made it part of his body. It was a part of a Roman in the time of the emperors. It took part in wars brought to the New World in seeds or plants, or in the body of a Pilgrim Father, who, dying, gave his body to earth. From that body vegetation sucked it up through its roots. A bug ate it with a leaf, a turkey ate the bug, another Pilgrim killed and ate the turkey and with it a part of his grandfather. Other vehicles during the years until it found place within a spinach plant of today, which you may eat.

So for that molecule of iron at least, you are fish and mud-puppy, sea-worm, dinosaur and mastodon, and all the rest of the lot, including, perhaps, one of your ancestors of Puritan days. But iron is not the only thing that has been in the dinosaurs and others.

One of the important elements of bone-building is phosphorus and the dinosaurs were among the world's biggest customers of phosphorus because of their monster skeletons. In various places scattered over the world, geologists find bits of what is called phosphate rock. Nowadays this material is mined, treated chemically and made into fertilizer to be used by plants. Phosphorus atoms taken by plants from these fertilizers may be eaten by animals or human beings and find rest temporarily in these creatures' bones. This is a new experience for those particular phosphorus atoms, new, at least, for many millions of years. The phosphorus in the phosphate rock has been tied up that long in one of Nature's storage reservoirs.

A few days ago a French scientist, M. Lucien Cayeux, reported to the Academy of Science in Paris his discovery that phosphate rocks contain traces of what once must have been millions of bodies of living bacteria.

Ages ago in earth history, when the phosphate rocks were being laid down, these bacteria evidently grew in water containing phosphorus atoms. One by one the bacteria extracted these phosphorus atoms from the water. Presently each bacterium died, but, contrary to Nature's usual custom, the absorbed phosphorus atoms were not set free. Instead, they and the bodies of the bacteria were buried together with atoms of calcium and other elements. In the course of millions of years they turned to what geologists now recognize as phosphate rock. Tiny though these creatures were, they managed to engrave a message on their rocky tomb, informing man that they were the last users of that treasure.

When it is considered that there were enough cells in the brain of one caveman to have distributed at least a few thousand to every man, woman and child today and that there were millions of molecules in each cell, even without considering the materials in the rest of the body, it seems probable that each person has at least one atom from most every human being of prehistoric times and well into today.

Even if he had one from every human being that ever lived, it would not make bulk enough to build one fly, perhaps. Therefore, he probably averages many more than one, but, even at that, mostly he has helped himself in the matter that once belonged to ancestors going all the way back to the beginning of evolution and re-used so many times that the figures would be too enormous to grasp.

When the Chinese swears by the bones of his ancestors, he is really swearing by his own bones and everyone else of the present, the nearest past and of every creature that will exist to the end of the world, including the clam shells on the beach and the fly that falls into his soup.

That soup, incidentally, as far as materials are concerned, is a broth of his ancestors. The pious Hindu, who would rather starve to death than eat animal food, would be pained to know that his vegetarian diet is composed of what have been men and animals. This endlessly restored and re-used building matter is passing constantly back and forth between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom. A traffic which would be fatal to both if it were stopped. So even Mahatma Gandhi, at his frugal supper of goat's milk, is really eating his ancestors.

Here and there, an occasional individual manages to prevent for some time having his bodily assets distributed by the great receiver, Death. John Paul Jones' body was found preserved in alcohol. The Pharaohs and many other Egyptian dignitaries succeeded in hoarding the solids of their bodies by mummification, but their gases and fluids escaped into the air and are in general use, like those of common people, cats and dogs. Had they realized how many had used that material before them, the Pharaohs might not have cared how many used it afterward.

At that they seem to have hit on an idea. Since each generation is made out of the same rather limited stock of body materials used by previous ones, it looks as if there would be an embarrassing shortage at the end of the world, when Gabriel blows his trumpet, and everyone who ever lived suddenly appears, clothed in the flesh. There isn't going to be enough flesh materials to go around.

In human bones, besides phosphorus, is calcium. Ages ago, calcium first was used by living creatures to form hard shells like those of modern clams and oysters. Phosphorus was used still earlier in bodies of even lower animals. Ever since animals have had bones of any kind, phosphorus and calcium have been used in them. Any modern human being undoubtedly owns for the moment atoms of phosphorus and calcium belonging to ancient Neanderthal man, back of that to the saber-toothed tigers and still greater animals of the past, even to insect-like trilobites, when they were the highest creatures yet evolved.

In the make-up of any human body there must be molecules that were in the first creatures on earth, in the first worms to invent backbones, in the first insects that learned to fly, in the great flying reptiles that next controlled the air, in all the rest of the vast panorama of evolution. Inside the same body, too, must be molecules from the brains of every great genius who ever lived, other molecules from the hearts and lungs of great athletes, great soldiers.

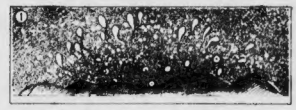
In the present blood stream of every reader of this page molecules that once existed in the blood of Moses may meet other molecules from the blood of the Pharaoh who drove Moses out. Side by side in one tiny particle of modern blood pigment or nerve substance or muscle fiber perhaps, stand molecules that were last together in the body of some Babylonian seer when civilization was just beginning, or perhaps when life itself was at its start.

Though Nature never throws anything away, she seems to be steadily locking some of this stuff away where man's prying fingers cannot reach it. This inaccessible cupboard is the icy slime at the bottom of the ocean's greatest depths. He can't reach it there today, but tomorrow is another matter. It may be an inheritance for humanity's later use.

When man has perfected the machinery and has the need to make it worth while, he can bore deep enough into the earth to get out primeval iron and other minerals that have never seen the light of day since long before the world cooled down enough to let the first beginnings of life start. Then, anyone who pleases may have in his system molecules that never belonged to any living thing before him. Even today he may possibly get some from volcanic sources or deep springs. Still these are more than likely to fool him, because they may be only minerals deposited by creatures.

Perhaps the only way to be at all sure would be to get hold of a piece of meteorite iron and with it impregnate the soil bearing a spinach plant. Even so, there is no positive guarantee that animals on some distant wrecked world did not use that same iron for millions of generations.

How a Bit of Your Body Has Traveled.



1—Perhaps 1,500,000,000 Years Ago a Molecule of Iron Is Taken Up by a Creature Like a Germ.

2—Serving as Food for Other Lowly Organisms, the Molecule Is Incorporated in an Early Form of Life Like an Amoeba.

3—After Other Adventures It May Have Reached the Body of a Sea-Bottom Trilobite, Ancient Ancestor of the Insects.

4—Other Years Go By and It Becomes Part of the Body of an Ammonite, Related to the Modern Chambered Nautilus.

5—Perhaps 400,000,000 Years Ago the Iron Molecule Dwelt for a While in the Body of a Ganoid or Scaly Fish.

6—Later It May Have Been Swallowed by Some Fierce Sea-Reptile, an Ancient Sea Serpent That Really Lived.

7—Passing Back and Forth from Plant to Animal, It May Have Lodged in a Primitive Amphibian, a First Land Animal.

8—From Vegetation Growing Over Animal Bodies It Perhaps Entered a Plant-Eating Dinosaur. Thence a Flesh-Eating One.

9—After Other Ages and Thousands of Interchanges It May Have Been Part of a Lemur, an Ancient Ancestor of Man.

10—More Ages Go By and the Iron Molecule Finds Its Way from an Animal Used for Food Into the Body of a Caveman.

11—The Caveman Dies, from His Body the Molecule Finds Its Way Into Plants, Maybe Eaten by a Hairy Mammoth.

12—A Caveman Perhaps Eats Mammoth Flesh, a Cave Bear Eats the Caveman, and So the Iron Molecule's New Home.

13—After Other Thousands of Centuries, the Molecule Passes from Bear Meat to a Cro-Magnon Man 20,000 Years Ago.

14—Thousands of Years Later the Molecule May Have Been Part of a Pilgrim Father Who Migrated to the New World.

15—More Centuries and Spinach, Growing Where the Pilgrim Fell, Takes Up the Traveled Molecule from the Soil.

16—After Eons of Wandering, the Molecule Is Part of a Modern Girl, with Millions of Other Second-Hand Particles.

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LOVE Came back to Lois

WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

(Yes! It threatens even girls in their twenties!)

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

Does the soap you are now using give you this [illegible] protection against "Middle-Age" Skin. Do you know what ingredients go into that soap? Are you sure that it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive.

You know that Palmolive is made only from [illegible] secret and unique [illegible] Olive and Palm oils, the [illegible]. And that's why Palmolive can't possibly [illegible] promise to [illegible] skin [illegible] through [illegible] Palmolive [illegible].

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

[illegible] Palmolive [illegible] Olive Oil.

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

C B C A R

Critical Under... Chicago's Accident Racketeers

There Was a Genuine Street Car Collision, They Produced 23 "Victims Maimed for Life" and All Might Have Collected Big Damages Only They Swore They Were on the Wrong Car, Which Happened to Be Empty and Locked

In the Newest Investigations of the Accident Fakers It Was Discovered That Some Genius Had Devised a Sort of Electric Rivulet With a Suction Cup at the Business End, and That Without Any Pain to the "Victim," Produced the Most Distressing-Appearing Bruises Over as Much Area of the Body as Might Be Desired.

One of the Old Type Methods of Simulating Injuries by Scraping the Flesh With a Grater, but So Very Painful That the Painless Method of Bruises Was Devised to Take Its Place

Another Painful Old-time Method Used Not Only for Breaking Bones, as Shown Above, but for Inflicting Bruises, Now Produced by the Painless Electric Bruise Machine

George West, the Ingenious Ambulance Chaser, Who Made the Mistake of Ordering Five "Injured" Who Could Not Have Been in the Empty Street Car

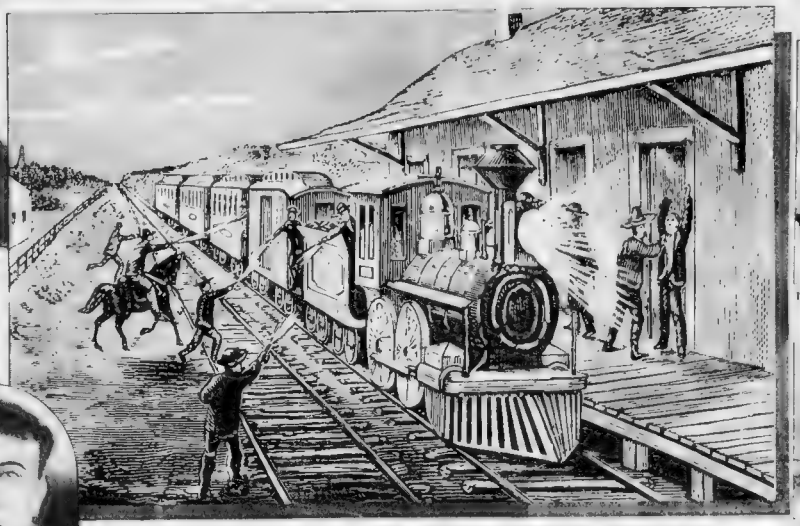
By "ARIZONA BILL," Daredevil P

Adventures of the Last of the Famous Frontiersmen, W
Pony Express Rider, Deputy Marshal, Arizona Ranger,
B

Photograph of the Famous Rock Bluff Most Intrepid Frontiersmen and Hunters Ever Lived. Wrote the Book at Bottom Under Single Pseudonym

CHAPTER XIII

I. ARIZONA BILL (Rare Old Engraving



An Old-Time Express Train Hold-up. From a Curious Old Woodcut in New York Public Library

Taking Him a Water

Section M

Sam Bass at the Age of Eighteen, as He Looked Leading Youth, But He Left, Off the First Train Robbery in the State of Texas and Started Something Which Rolled Up Over $60,000 for Many Years Before the Election of Dishonest Governors

The Old Hor Ford of the Missouri Fr

angels' Pete on his honeymoon with $1,800 of the stolen money in his pocket.

Cy Hicks could not get a train robber. He said only those who worked with guns were bad and Frank James, Cole Younger, Bob Ford, Cole Younger and Bob Levy Oil Miller and Bill Cl[illegible]. The others put up jobs and escaped being put in jail except Kerry who [illegible]

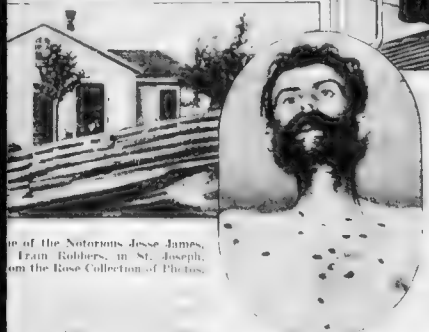
[illegible] was a peaceful kind of [illegible] and Wyatt [illegible] Bill Tilghman [illegible] Bat Masterson [illegible] Bill Tilghman [illegible] Bat Masterson [illegible] Bill Tilghman [illegible] Bat Masterson

OWW

...ho Was Cowboy, Indian Fighter, Scout, ...and Knew All the Notorious Two-Gun ...admen and the Quick-Shooting Fearless Sheriffs of the Wide-Open Mining Towns

...y Surprise as the Engineer Stopped to Take Water at ...Tank, the Armed Train Robbers Leaped Up on Both Sides of the Cab

...en Forced to Lay Rails on the Track Under the Persuasive Menace of Leveled Pistols



...e of the Notorious Jesse James, Train Robbers, in St. Joseph, ...om the Rose Collection of Photos.

First, Last and Only Photograph of Bill Doolin, the Train Robber Outlaws Were Camera Shy and Did Not Like to Have Their Photographs Posted by the Sheriffs. This Photograph Was Taken After the Bandit Had Received a Fatal Charge of Buckshot in His Chest from United States Marshal Heck Thomas. From Rose Photograph Collection San Antonio, Texas.

Old Pen and Ink Drawing of a Train Hold-up by Armed and Masked Robbers.

"Arizona Bill" and His Faithful Burro, "Tippy." The Old Scout and Frontiersman Is Preparing to Light a Fire to Cook His Luncheon Out on the Desert.

...man robbed the strong-box of ...ed in gold and diamonds.

Here I lie on down to sleep,
T... a thing to grow ...
...per ... to pay my debt at ...
Arizona Bill.
...ve ... and I'll try it,
My ... can be worse,
...d it ... in that ...
...
Tis money in my purse
Black Bart.

...ed ... to ... the ... Black ... his satisfaction ... by what he had ... stage ... ...ed with ... a line would walk ... holding up ... Time and ... ... the ... Wells ... would be ... at ... the ... a red flag.

When the engineer jumped down ... the trouble was ... by "Black Bart" ... in the clownish ... from every other ... At the sight of this slogan the robbers ... a hundred feet down ...

By ... passengers and trainmen were ... out what had happened. ... few words on them ... of his "riflemen" ... showed from the ... he took he said loud enough ...

"Don't ... Let no one ... Lay low!"

The ... everybody looked at ... with curses and ... despair. ... express ... doesn't to ... Black Bart Wells ... plunder ... but not looking ... and allowed ... on.

After ...ging the passengers and express companies for years, "Black Bart" finally lost his nerve in a way that ... always showed ... He had ... Southern Pacific ... the usual way. As he was ... the ... plunder into ... and ... down a mountain ...

The box had been ... and ... rifled a rifle. He ... with "Black ... of ... robbery ... to his heels ... the boy with the ... Hurriedly throwing ... the ... started off ... old run.

The ... were dumbfounded. ... ran away when ... Who ... him? ... view of the ... "Black Bart's" dummy. ... that had made it easy for ... thousands of dollars from trains and stages ...

To ... was the first of the victims to come to ... Grabbing the rifle from the astonished ranch boy, he fired several shots at the fleeing robber. But none of them hit the mark and "Black Bart" soon disappeared in the woods high up the mountain side.

Detectives who visited the scene of the robbery found that in his hurried flight "Black Bart" had dropped the first clue to his identity they had ever been able to find. It was a handkerchief, and in one corner was the initial "B" and the mark of a San Francisco laundry.

A close watch was set in the vicinity of this laundry. When, a few weeks later, "Black Bart" left his lonely cabin in a wilderness of the Sierras and came to San Francisco to dispose of the proceeds of his latest robberies, he was arrested. His

(Continued on Page 19)

...Kind of ... watch ...

...Tom ... Wells ... Express ... Bart ... ...ed ... ...

...Bart ... ...

...

...

In the Small Hours by Olga A. Rosmanith

The Story of an Elopement That Didn't Follow Its Schedule. Complete in This Issue.

"I'll come with you," Dennis Said Pleasantly. "I feel just like a long ride." Iris Looked Murderous.

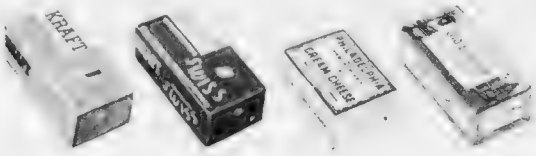
Dennis Had Her in His Arms. The Kiss That Should Have Been the Beginning of Everything Was to Be the End of Everything.

Continued on Page 21

Sprinkle in the cheese flavor with Kraft Grated!

Now in just a jiffy ... new zest for everyday dishes

THE WORLD'S FINEST CHEESES ARE MADE OR IMPORTED BY KRAFT



FREE NEW KRAFT

Do As Your Dentist Does-

when he cleans your teeth

100% Cleansing Properties
Twice that of tooth paste

No Acid, Grit or Pumice
Cannot possibly injure or scratch the softest enamel

Outlasts Tooth Paste 2 to 1

USE POWDER

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

Mercolized Wax

KEEPS YOUR SKIN YOUNG

Use Saxolite Astringent

CHAPPED LIPS MADE SMOOTH

LIP-YOUTH

THREE THOUGHTS ON COLDS...

5¢ LUDEN'S

HELP YOU DO ALL 3

V·E·M CHASES SNIFFLES

GREAT WINTER HEALTH SALE AT YOUR GROCERS

FEATURES LIFE-LIKE DIONNE QUINS DISPLAY!

Big sale of Nature's Protective-vitamin Foods now on at all leading stores to help you keep winter meals on the vital side

GUARD WINTER HEALTH! KEEP MEALS ON THE VITAL SIDE!
with Nature's Protective-vitamin Foods now featured at your grocers!

for Vitamin A..	Resistance to Colds	Fresh Vegetables
for Vitamin B..	NERVES, DIGESTION,	QUAKER OATS
for Vitamin C..	Combats Infection	Oranges, Tomatoes
for Vitamin D..	Builds strong teeth & bones	Irradiated Foods
for Vitamin G..	Helps Children Grow	Milk

QUAKER OATS

RICH IN NATURE'S VITAMIN B, TO BRACE-UP NERVES, DIGESTION, APPETITE!

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's

READY CUT HOMES

$416 and Up

Something Wonderful GOES ON INSIDE

FILTER-COOLED

Frank MEDICO

THE ONLY PATENTED "CELLOPHANE"-SEALED FILTER—IT REALLY FILTERS

SKIN DRY? Smart Easily

YOU NEED CUTICURA'S SPECIAL CREAMY EMOLLIENTS

Every Baby is "A Million Dollar Baby"

SAFEGUARD YOURS BY NEVER GIVING A REMEDY YOUR DOCTOR HAS NOT APPROVED

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

EMBARRASSMENT? I NEVER THINK OF IT... WHEN I USE AMOLIN!

Amolin

DEODORIZES SANITARY PADS

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

Claudette Colbert says:
"My throat is safest with a light smoke"

"An actress' throat is naturally very important to her. After experimenting, I'm convinced my throat is safest with a light smoke and that's why you'll find Luckies always on hand both in my home and in my dressing room. I like the flavor of other cigarettes also, but frankly, Luckies appeal most to my taste."

Claudette Colbert

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S FORTHCOMING "MAID OF SALEM" DIRECTED BY FRANK LLOYD

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Colbert verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen, and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat!

THE FINEST TOBACCOS—
"THE CREAM OF THE CROP"

A Light Smoke
"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection
AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

Measures Heartbeat of Insects

T T D G T M

CHAPTER XXII

"Y

Has the first faint wrinkle cast its shadow?

Strengthen your SKIN'S DEFENSES

with this **COMPLETE CREAM**

patterned on natural skin oils!

INGRAM'S

MILKWEED CREAM

A TREATMENT CREAM, A CLEANSER, A FOUNDATION, ALL-IN-ONE

T

(Continued on Page 21)

Do you keep tabs on yourself? Most physicians agree that regular habits of elimination and proper diet are [illegible] for health and beauty.

If more than one day goes by, take the [illegible] Laxative Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Olive Tablets [illegible] the form of a precious, pleasant [illegible] has been one of America's best known prescriptions for the needs of [illegible].

Keep Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets always on the bathroom shelf. Use as directed by the white folder. Get the [illegible] more than one day [illegible]. Three sizes, 15c—30c—60c. At all druggists.

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THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

BE SENSIBLE

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BACKACHE
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
[illegible]

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH **BAUME "BEN-GAY"**

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Miracle Powder Dissolves All Stains, Tartar, and Odors in 5 to 15 Minutes Like New

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the [illegible] and [illegible] The American Week... you will be well informed in every field of science, and in every specialty in every field.

In the Small Hours *By Olga A. Rosmanith*

Has your City

A Plan for Saving Lives?

In Syracuse the safety patrol does a splendid job!

THE SCHOOLBOY patrols of Syracuse, New York, have passed 30,000 children across the street four times a day for 10 years without one accident!

Syracuse makes a business of safety. Among the cities of its size, it was first in the National Traffic Safety Contest of 1935. Its motor vehicle death rate during 1936 was about two-thirds less than the national death rate.

Nearly 3,000 accidents have been investigated. Ticket fixing has been stopped. Vicious offenders do not escape punishment.

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New York City had 127 fewer Auto Deaths in 1936 than in 1935

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

One Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Please send me copy of booklet 12-A "How to Promote Community Safety"

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ DATE _____

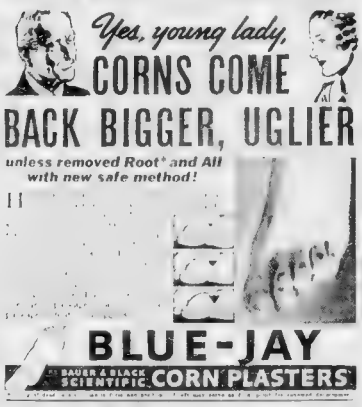
HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

IS QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

High Explosive

A Short Fiction Story. Complete in This Issue. *By Hal Pink*

A



Curious Facts About Noise

"A

High Explosive

A Short Fiction Story. Complete in This Issue. *By Hal Pink*

(Continued from Page 22)

important discovery. You are connected with the War Department, aren't you?"

Marsh raised his eyebrows. "Yes."

"Well, my boy, I've perfected something that the War Department of every country in the world will be after," said the Professor with quiet assurance.

Marsh's professional instincts were aroused. He was not slow to catch the gleam of excitement in the others eyes. Obviously the old fool was longing for an audience, hurting to tell somebody his secret. "Indeed, sir?"

"If you like, I'll——" Morton paused diffidently. "Here with a rush—I'll show it to you. I know you would never betray a confidence."

"Of course not," was the instant response.

Morton turned to his wife. "You will excuse us, my dear?"

Nadya smiled graciously.

Inside the laboratory Marsh surveyed the models and apparatus with kindling interest. Although he despised Morton for his obtuseness where his wife was concerned, he had to admit the man's genius as a scientist. Morton had given many great inventions to the world.

"What is the nature of this new gadget, sir?" asked Marsh.

"It's a ray," said the Professor, almost in a whisper. He patted a box lovingly—a box about the size of a news photographer's relics camera. "This is it. The product of two years' experiments as perfect as I can make it. It throws a beam for a radius of five miles."

"And its purpose? Destruction?"

Morton smiled. "In a way, yes. But looked at from another viewpoint—to me an army this ray would be a tremendous ratise as a defense. It would serve to protect a beleaguered city against hostile bursting airplanes. Watch."

From a drawer he took an ordinary firecracker, a toy cardboard tube containing gunpowder. He tossed it onto the floor, at the far end of the room. Then slowly, deliberately he lifted the box. Turning a switch, he aimed a projecting metal tube, pointed the tube at the firecracker and pressed a small lever.

Bang!

The fire-cracker exploded with a loud report. Marsh gasped in amazement.

"You see," chuckled Morton. "It is a ray which detonates explosives. It would have the same effect upon shells, bombs, mines, big explosives of all kinds. I——"

The door burst open. Nadya, white-faced, trembling, stood in the entrance, her hand at her throat.

"I thought——" she gasped—"I thought something dreadful had happened——"

"Nothing to worry about, my dear," said the Professor cheerfully. "I was just demonstrating to Mr Marsh. You seem quite upset. Take my wife into the lounge, my dear fellow, and give her a glass of brandy, while I clean up here. I will join you presently."

In the security of the lounge, with the door closed—"You see, darling?" said Peter Marsh, gently. "In your fright you nearly gave the game away. It's a good thing you did not call out my name—that would have torn things! But it just bears out what I was telling you. We cannot allow things to go on this way."

Nadya nodded. "Yes. I see now. But have we enough money? If only I had some money of my own——"

Marsh's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "We could get plenty of money," he said slowly, meaningly, "if we had your husband's invention."

She stared up at him, noiselessly. "It is worth millions," said Marsh. "I could sell it at once to any of the European Powers." He crushed her to him, kissed her ardently. "Would you do this for me?"

"Yes, yes—what do you want me to do?"

"Here is the plan. I shall leave this house tonight. Tomorrow, I think you said, he goes to lecture at one of the universities. What time will he return?"

"About five o'clock in the afternoon."

"Then at four p. m. get that ray—the box he was holding when you came in just now—and come to my flat. Bring what clothes you need. I will have tickets for the air-liner to France. To lull his suspicions about your absence you can telephone him from the flat at five p. m. to say that you have met an old school friend and will be out at a theatre with her during the evening. If he discovers the loss of the ray he will not connect it with you. We can be out of the country within an hour. Now get a grip on yourself, darling. He's coming back."

* * *

Peter Marsh glanced at his wrist-watch. "Time to telephone, darling."

Nadya lifted the telephone receiver and dialed a number. "Hello . . Hello?"

Her husband's voice answered. "This is Nadya, dear. I shall not be home to dinner. Do you mind?" Quite by chance I ran into an old school friend, Phyllis Elliot, and she wants me to go to a show with her. It's such a long time since we met and——"

"Call your friend to the telephone," said the voice sharply.

"What?"

"Call him to the telephone."

"Him? I don't understand——"

"You understand perfectly. Tell Marsh I wish to speak to him."

The receiver fell from Nadya's hand, hit the table with a clatter. "He knows," she whispered. "Wants to speak to you——"

"What!" Marsh's tongue crept over dry lips. Then with an air of bravado he caught up the receiver. "Hello! So you are wise at last, are you, Professor?"

"Wise to the fact that you are one of the biggest blackguards unhung!" snarled the voice in his ear. "You damned swine, Marsh!"

"Names won't hurt me!" mocked Marsh. "Your wife loves me, Morton——"

"Loves you so much that she stole my ray! You've got it there! Don't deny it!"

"I won't," grinned Marsh. "It's right here on the table—a dowry for Nadya—your last gift to her, my dear man——"

"That's all I wanted to know." There was grim satisfaction in Professor Morton's voice. "It may interest you to know that I heard all your pretty little conversation in the lounge — and other rooms of my house. Since your arrival on the scene there has been a hidden microphone in every corner, connecting with the laboratory. You've got my wife, and you think you've got my ray, too—but you haven't. It is here under my hand. It is set for the five-mile radius, Marsh. The eye of the ray is trained with mathematical precision upon the room where you are now."

Beads of sweat were rolling down Marsh's forehead. He wanted to drop the receiver, to open the door and run, run——

"My finger is on the lever!" Morton's voice rose to a scream of fury. "I am pressing it! Do you hear me? Pressing it! And do you know what is in that dummy box on your table? Shall I tell you?——"

Marsh reeled away from the telephone, his face working with horror. In his ears was ringing Morton's final shout——

"HIGH EXPLOSIVE!"

A blinding flash! Then the world dissolved in a crashing chaos of sound as the walls and roof caved in.

The End.

Mother Hubbard Terrorists Wouldn't Let Her Reform

ALTHOUGH Martha Bepler, former booting queen, well knew the danger which she faced, she returned to her home near Prescott, Iowa, after her release from Rockwell City Prison, fully determined to lead a model life and be a credit to her community.

Three years previously, before being committed to jail, a band of masked women had made her life miserable. She had started to town in a lumber wagon when they stopped her team, unhitched it and without letting her get out of the vehicle shoved the wagon over a steep embankment. Only by the narrowest margin did Martha escape being smashed to pieces by the wagon as it went hurtling to the bottom of the deep ditch.

Three months after this escape from death the band of masked women had set her barn on fire. Her team of horses had been burned in the flames because the raiders, with rifles and shotguns, refused to let the men save anything from the barn. "You are next!" they had warned Martha, but before they had a chance to put their threat into execution the law stepped in and sentenced Martha to prison for liquor law violation.

Now she was free. She had paid her debt to the State and to the country. She wanted only to lead a peaceful and lawful existence on her own farm.

"Maybe those masked women will leave me alone now," she said to herself hopefully. But she was wrong.

Recently ten women dressed in Mother Hubbards and wearing concealing bonnets knocked at her door. When she opened it she saw them grouped on her porch while their leader talked in threatening tones.

"We just don't want you living under our noses," she was told. "You are an ex-convict. For months you made whisky right here in this place and sold it to our husbands. There is no telling how thick you were with our men, and we don't propose to give you another chance. The liquor you sold them has caused us enough trouble. You'll be at it again, too. We are giving you forty-eight hours to get out of here, bag and baggage."

With that they departed, leaving Martha much worried. "What can I do?" she asked herself. "They don't want to give me a chance. I don't want to run away, and to stay here means trouble."

After vainly struggling with her problem, Martha decided to call on the minister of her village church to which she had been a large contributor. Surely he would know what to do.

The minister, Reverend Harry Moore, thought it was ridiculous that Martha's neighbors wouldn't give her a chance to redeem herself.

"I'll talk to them tonight from the pulpit," he said. "Some of them will be here. I am sure some of them are members of my church. I'll make them ashamed of themselves."

It was Sunday night. There was a large crowd in attendance at the village church for the town had heard of what Reverend Moore planned to speak upon. When he was ready the minister bowed his head and asked a prayer for Martha Bepler.

"She has always lived amongst us," he said. "She was born and raised right on the farm where she now lives. Her father was a pioneer in this part of the country. He helped to subdue the Indians, and make life more convenient for the present generation. When Martha was a girl she didn't have the benefit of an education. She worked out until she was fifteen and then married. Her husband died, and she went back home to take care of her father. She has cooked and kept house for him ever since. Martha has strayed from the straight and narrow path, of course; she herself admits it, but she has a right to live decently, and to reform, and the Bible says we should help those who cannot help themselves. And I am saying unto you——Let Her Who Is Without Sin Cast the First Stone!"

Martha was present and she was asked to speak from the pulpit when the minister had concluded his talk.

She said that she hoped there would be no trouble, that she had no other home to go to, that she would never break the laws of God and man again. She promised to be good. But her words seemed to make no impression on a certain number of hard-featured women in the audience.

When church was over Martha started down the wooden steps of the frame building. A woman appeared out of the darkness and flung herself upon Martha. She struck at her and tried to get a hold of her blonde tresses. Martha fought back. The woman who had attacked her was the largest woman in the neighborhood, taller and larger as Martha. They fell to the ground, after they had nearly ripped each other's garments from their bodies, and half-nude they rolled over and over, kicking and biting, and screaming. It didn't seem to the crowd that Martha stood any chance, but somehow she won the fight, though she was severely bruised. She was attended to by one faithful friend, the minister's wife. Nobody else came near the table.

Martha grew well and strong again, and went to church regularly. As she had thrashed the biggest woman in the community, there was scant chance of any other woman assaulting her. Three and more, a long time, and the Mother Hubbard terrorists did not show up again. Martha was doing the right thing. She had learned her lesson. All the money she made selling whisky had given her nothing but trouble. She had spent it trying to stay out of the penitentiary.

After attending church every Sunday night Martha decided to preach a sermon. She had a large crowd on hand to hear her. Her sermon must have made a big hit, for she was asked to preach again, and other churches asked her, too. Now she is preaching on a circuit. She has become a sincere revivalist, who believes that the way of the transgressor is hard.

She has also developed a philosophy of her own:

"For every hour of happiness you steal from somebody else two hours of happiness will be taken from you," she says.

"The woman who holds herself cheap is cheap, for her price is a few lying promises and a pair of hot lips to make her mad in brain and body.

"Women are causing our world to crumble on its moral base.

"More women are living double lives than men ever thought of doing.

"People don't begin to burn when they go to hell, they've been burning a long time before their arrival."

WE WILL PAY YOU $100,000.00 1st. PRIZE IN A REAL PUZZLE CONTEST!

LET'S LOOK AT THIS PUZZLE!

This Puzzle Represents a Familiar Name. You Solve the Puzzle by Picking the Correct Name from the List Below:

Anthony Adverse	William Shakespeare
William Pitt	Henry Ward Beecher

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Not all the puzzles in the contest are as easy as this one. In fact, the puzzles grow progressively more difficult as the contest proceeds. But to puzzle fans, each puzzle will provide exciting mental diversion.

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*Date*_____

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Gentlemen: Please send me all official puzzles issued to date—together with complete rules. I enclose stamp for postage.

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AW-4

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Egg Recipes for Lenten Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Bread Crumb Omelet.

BEAT 5 egg yolks until light. Soak 3 tablespoons fine bread-crumbs in 3 tablespoons milk or chicken stock. Fold into the well-beaten egg yolks. Add ½ teaspoon salt and mix well. Fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into a hot buttered pan, place over a low heat and move pan gently over the heat to cook evenly. When sufficiently risen, place in a slow oven, of at about 275 degrees, for a few minutes. Fold as usual. Turn out on serving - platter, garnish with crisp parsley and serve immediately.

Savory Eggs.

SCALD 1 pint milk with 1 thin slice of onion and a slice of green pepper. Strain. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 teaspoon salt and scalded and strained milk and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add ¼ cup grated or sliced cheese and stir over hot water until cheese is melted. Add 6 hard-cooked eggs, reserving two of the yolks. Let stand until eggs are hot. Pour over buttered toast rounds or triangles. Sprinkle with the sifted reserved egg yolks and garnish with crisp parsley. Serve immediately.

Custard Pie.

LINE a pie plate with carefully-made pastry. Beat 2 eggs, add 3 tablespoons sugar, a few grains salt, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla and a grating of nutmeg. Strain into the pastry-lined pan. Bake in a quick oven, at 400 degrees, for 10 minutes, then reducing the temperature quickly to 300 degrees until filling is set.

Eggs Baked in Cream.

POUR ½ cup cream into a shallow baking-dish. Break 6 eggs into a saucer, one-at-a-time, and slide into the cream. Sprinkle the eggs with salt and paprika. The cream should not cover the eggs, as a little more may be required. Set in a pan of hot, not boiling, water. Place in a slow oven and bake until as hard as desired. Serve immediately.

Caramel Baked Custard.

PUT about ⅓ cup sugar in baking-dish. Let stand over heat until sugar is melted and forms a delicately-colored syrup. Then set in a pan of cold water and tilt from side to side to coat sides and bottom of pan. Set in a pan of hot (not boiling) water. Mix 5 slightly-beaten eggs, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 quart rich milk. Strain into the caramelized baking-dish. Bake in a slow oven taking care that the water surrounding custard does not reach boiling point. Remove from oven when firm in center and silver knife blade comes out clean. Chill and turn out on a large serving-dish.

Baked Chocolate Custard.

TO 3 cups rich milk add 3 ounces shaved or sliced chocolate and cook over hot water, stirring frequently, until well blended. Beat 4 egg yolks with ½ cup sugar, add the hot milk mixture and then blend well. Flavor with ¼ teaspoon vanilla and add ¼ teaspoon salt. Strain into buttered custard cups, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven until almost firm. Remove from oven and cover with a meringue made by beating 3 egg whites stiffly, adding 6 tablespoons powdered sugar and a few drops vanilla. Continue baking in a slow oven until meringue is delicately colored.

Cocoanut Custard Pie.

LINE a pie plate with well-made pastry. Beat 3 eggs, add ½ cup sugar, a few grains salt, 2 cups milk and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Add ½ cup grated cocoanut. Turn into pastry-lined pan. Bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, for 5 minutes. Then reduce heat and bake in a slow oven until custard is set.

Egg Timbales.

BEAT 6 eggs, adding 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, a few drops onion juice and 1½ cups milk. Mix well and turn into buttered timbale molds. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, until firm in center. Turn from molds onto a hot platter and serve with buttered or creamed peas or asparagus, tomato, bread or mushroom sauce or with creamed sweetbreads.

Pimiento Egg Timbales.

LINE 8 or 10 buttered timbale molds with canned pimiento, trimming tops evenly. Beat 6 eggs and season with 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, a few drops onion juice and a dash of celery salt. Add 1½ cups rich milk. Strain into the pimiento-lined molds. Set in pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, until firm. Unmold on buttered rounds of toast and serve with well-seasoned cream sauce.

Crabflake Timbales.

MIX 2 eggs and 1 yolk and beat with ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and a little paprika. Add 1½ cups crabflakes, 1 cup milk and ½ cup cream. Turn into buttered timbale molds, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, until firm in center. Unmold on buttered rounds of toast and serve with Hollandaise sauce.

Baked Cream Custard.

SCALD 1 pint thin cream over hot water. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff, adding ¼ teaspoon salt and 6 or 7 drops vanilla and 2 tablespoons sugar. Add to cream and beat with an egg-beater. Turn into buttered custard cups, set in a pan of hot (not boiling) water and bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, until firm in center. Chill, unmold and serve with cream and sugar.

Savory Ham Souffle.

TO 1 pint of well-seasoned Bechamel sauce add ½ cup fine soft bread-crumbs, a few grains pepper, 1 pint finely-chopped boiled ham and 3 well-beaten egg yolks. If desired, ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese may be added. Mix thoroughly and fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered baking-dish, place in a pan of hot water (not boiling) and bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, until firm in center. Unmold on buttered rounds of toast and serve with Hollandaise sauce.

Savory Scalloped Eggs.

HAVE ready 6 hard-cooked eggs. Melt 2 tablespoons butter and add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1½ cups milk and 1 teaspoon salt and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Finely chop ½ cup black olives. Have ready 2 cups buttered bread-crumbs (prepared by heating crumbs with 2 tablespoons butter). Arrange a layer of the buttered crumbs in a buttered baking-dish; over the crumbs thinly slice half of the eggs. Add ½ of the chopped olives and ½ of the prepared white sauce. Then add another layer of the buttered crumbs, and over them the rest of the eggs, thinly sliced, then the other half of the chopped olives and balance of the prepared sauce. Put on a top layer of the crumbs. Bake about 20 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 300 degrees, until crumbs are delicately browned.

Eggs a la Goldenrod.

MELT 1 tablespoon butter, add 1 tablespoon flour and blend well. Add 1 cup milk and ½ teaspoon salt and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Finely chop 3 hard-cooked egg whites and combine with the sauce. Place 6 or 8 toast triangles on a hot platter and pour the sauce and egg white mixture over the toast. Press 3 hard-cooked egg yolks through potato-ricer or sifter, sprinkling lightly over the sauce. Garnish with crisp parsley. Serve immediately.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit or Tomato Juice. Scrambled Eggs. Apple Muffins. Milk or Coffee.	Stewed Prunes. Whole Grain Cereal. French Toast. Orange Marmalade. Milk or Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice. Cereal. Poached Eggs on Toast. Coffee.	Grapefruit with Honey. Cereal. Goldenrod Eggs. Bacon. Milk or Coffee.	Tomato Juice or Stewed Figs. Cereal. Toasted Raisin Bread. Unsalted Butter. Coffee.	Canned Peaches. Shredded Bacon. Toast. Coffee.	Sliced Oranges. Cereal. Potato Cakes. Broiled Smoked Salmon. Lemon. Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Dinner (Economy)*
Vegetable Chowder. Corn Sticks. Pineapple Trifle. Lace Cookies. Tea.	Salmon Salad. Savory Mayonnaise. Potato Chips. Celery or Raw Cauliflower. Tomato Ice-Box Rolls. Cherry Bavarian or Torte. Hermits.	Baked Macaroni. Fruit Salad Bowl. French Rolls. Cocoa.	Corned-Beef Hash au Gratin. Tea. Minute Cabbage. Swedish Bread. Canned Loganberries. Holiday Cookies. Tea.	Fruit Cocktail. Scalloped Potatoes. Swiss Chard with Sliced Eggs. Baked Stuffed Carrots. Stewed Fruit Pulp. Golden Sauce.	Chop-Suey. Steamed Rice. Vegetable Macedoine Salad. Dressing. Rolls. Ginger Parfaits. Jamaica Tea.	Sliced Oranges. Cereal. Baked Apple Salad. French Dressing. Radishes. Relish. Chocolate Waffles with Whipped Cream.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Supper. (Picnic)*
Baked Ham Slice with Mustard Sauce. Steamed Spinach. Buttered Potatoes. Heart Lettuce with Tomato or Roquefort Dressing. Gingerbread with Fluffy Sauce.	Diced Potatoes. Mashed Turnips. Harvard Beets. Cole Slaw. Spanish Cream with Custard Sauce.	Minute Steak. Fried Potatoes. Stewed Tomatoes. Cole Slaw. Shredded Fresh Green Vegetable Salad. Orange Meringue Pie.	Baked Potatoes. Buttered Beets. Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing. Delicious Cucumber Salad. One-Two-Three Dessert.	Baked Potatoes. Green Peas or Beans. Tomato Jelly Ring with Raw Vegetable Macedoine. French Dressing. Canned Green Gages with Delicate Sauce.	Jamaica Tea. *Dinner (Company)* French Almond Soup. Roast Guinea-Hen. Potato Croquettes. Buttered Asparagus. Tart Jelly. Stuffed Bee Salad. Salad Dressing. Cream Cakes with Strawberry Sauce. Coffee.	Tomato or Tomato Jelly Salad. French Dressing. Radishes. Relish. Chocolate Waffles with Whipped Cream. *Supper. (Picnic)* Economy Sandwiches (Left-Overs). Potato and Egg Salad. Home-Made Mangoes. Jelly Roll. Cocoa. (Hot or Cold).

Oysters Are Healthful

INEXPENSIVE, packed full of healthful iodine and many valuable "salts," the oyster appeals to chief and home cook alike because of its ease and adaptability in preparing many delicious dishes. Few other foods can so happily be served "au naturel," on the half-shell, eaten simply with salt and a squeeze of lemon juice, or subjected to a slight grilling, or quick cooking in stew and creamed mixtures.

When the Romans conquered Britain, their soldiers brought back little English oysters gathered from the seashore, off Kent; while American Indians were eating oysters before Columbus struck foot against this hemisphere's sea sands. All along the Atlantic coast are scattered immense mounds of oyster shells, mute testimony of the fondness of the "first American" for this toothsome morsel from the sea.

There is but one cooking rule to follow in preparing this delicious bivalve: and that is, cook quickly and only for a moment of applied heat. The oyster meat is so tender and so juicy that it requires only the slightest amount or degree of heat to cook.

In most recipes, it is better to make all the sauce or combine all the ingredients of a stew together first, and then, at the last moment, just slip in the oysters, heat 1 to 3 minutes, and serve.

The best and most epicurean oyster recipes are also the simplest, and call for quick cooking, as in Oysters Oscar, where the opened shells are placed under the broiler to grill only long enough to make their edges curl; or the popular oyster stew, where again the time element in cooking is all-important.

The following oyster dishes, if not overcooked, will satisfy the most exacting gourmet:

Hot Oyster Chicken Shortcake: Make any usual biscuit dough and bake into biscuits. Have prepared a sauce as follows: Melt 2 tablespoons butter with 4 tablespoons flour in double-boiler. Add 2 cups top or rich milk, season with salt, pepper, and blend until mixture is smooth. Add 1 cup diced cooked chicken, and heat. Saute 16 small oysters in butter and add to creamed mixture. Pour at once over split and buttered biscuits.

Hot Oyster Loaf: Use a flat round loaf of bread and cut top slice off; then remove inside, leaving only ½-inch shell. Brush inside with melted butter and put to heat in oven. Fill with creamed oyster mixture (as for shortcake) and return for 15 minutes, to a hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, until thoroughly heated. Serve with lemon slices, or garnish top with whole shrimp dipped in hot butter.

Oyster Club Sandwich: Allow 3 slices toasted bread for each sandwich. Allow 12 lettuce leaves, 12 thin slices cooked bacon, 6 slices tomatoes, ½ cup mayonnaise, and 1 tablespoon horseradish. Drain 1 pint small oysters, and cook in 2 tablespoons butter 2 minutes. On toast arrange lettuce, oysters, bacon and tomato, spreading with mayonnaise blended with horseradish. Garnish top with additional tomato ring and place gherkin and celery hearts at one side. Serve very hot immediately. Serves 6.

Oyster and Shrimp Hot Pot: Two cups rich top milk, 24 saltines crushed fine, salt, celery salt, white pepper and paprika to taste; ½ cup oyster liquor, ¾ cup cooked chopped celery, 1 cup chopped cooked shrimp, 36 small oysters, 4 tablespoons butter, minced parsley. Scald milk in double-boiler; add crushed crackers, seasonings and oyster liquor, and blend. In greased casserole arrange layer of crumb mixture. Cover with mixture of celery, shrimp and small oysters. Cover with remaining crumb mixture. Dot with butter and sprinkle lightly with parsley. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven, at 400 degrees. Serves 6. This dish is an intriguing departure from the conventional sea-food combinations.

SIMPLE SKIN CARE *that brings* PLEASING RESULTS

CLEANSE your skin thoroughly at least once a day—with warm water and Resinol Soap, using a clean wash cloth made fluffy with the light, foamy lather. Enjoy its tonic-like fragrance as the Resinol-filled lather gently cleanses and stimulates the tiny pores. No harsh ingredients to dry or irritate the skin. Now rinse well and pat dry.

To any little pimply spot, cold sore, chapped place, or like surface irritation, apply Resinol Ointment. Its silky base enables the Resinol medication to quickly relieve the soreness, and hasten healing. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Try them today.

For free sample, write Resinol, Dept. X-24, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

COLD ON YOUR CHEST?

PENETRO

FALSE TEETH

That Refuse to "Stay Put"

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

WOMEN HAPPILY DECLARE NEW 1937 RINSO GIVES 25 to 50% MORE SUDS!

Now on sale at all grocers—in the same familiar package

WOMEN everywhere are spreading the good news about Rinso. "It's new . . . and better than ever!" they declare. "It gives 25 to 50% more suds!"

Neighbor tells neighbor. Friend tells friend. "The New 1937 Rinso suds are now much richer, faster-acting and longer-lasting," they say. "And it soaks clothes at least 5 shades whiter than ordinary soaps."

Try the New Rinso. See how it whips up into the richest suds imaginable—*even in hardest water*. See how quickly it soaks even the dirtiest clothes clean without hard scrubbing or boiling. And the New Rinso is perfectly safe (as ever) for colors.

Grand for dishes, all cleaning

The New 1937 Rinso is marvelous for dishes, too. Its business-like suds get rid of *every bit of grease* in a jiffy. Wonderful for all cleansing. Easy on hands. Economical! Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. The makers of 33 famous washers say, "Use Rinso for whiter, brighter washes and safety."

BY THIS ACTUAL TEST* THE NEW 1937 RINSO GIVES HEAPS MORE SUDS EVEN IN HARD WATER

*Here's how the test was made: Women shook for the same length of time equal quantities of the New and old Rinso in containers each ½ full of water. Then they measured the amount of suds. How thrilled they were to discover how much more suds the New Rinso gives!

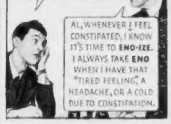
Rinso is endorsed by the home-making experts of 338 leading newspapers. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. If you haven't used Rinso lately—we urge you to do so next washday. You, too, will be thrilled with the New—*better than ever*—Rinso.

NEW 1937 RINSO NOW ON SALE AT ALL GROCERS— IN THE SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE

Rinso THE GRANULATED SOAP

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

A TRUE EXPERIENCE based on a letter from Mr. A.G. of New Bedford, Mass.



HOW ENO HELPS YOU

Eno clears the digestive tract by its gentle flushing action—*and Eno* helps neutralize the hyper-acid condition that often accompanies constipation. Because of its *alkalizing-laxative* action, Eno gives quick relief not only from constipation itself, but from that "tired feeling," headaches, colds, and other conditions caused by constipation.

YOU'LL LIKE ENO the pleasant-tasting alkalizing laxative

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Reduce the duration of coughs! Take a Smith Brothers Cough Drop for quick, *soothing* relief. (Black or Menthol—5¢)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

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A complete or quick manicure becomes so much more fascinating with La Cross color polish. Lustrous polish, creamy, and satisfy-ing. ★ Have your shade chosen at the BLUSH ACCORD display TAKE HOME advertisement and the name to send to La Cross, Newark, N. J.

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It's the strong, if tiny, moisture glands in your throat and bronchial tract that often cause troublesome, tickling, Stirky phlegm collects, irritates, and you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to again pour out their natural moisture. Stirky mucus is loosened and easily expelled. Irritation goes away—coughing is relieved. Try Pertussin at our expense. Use coupon below.

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Complete SATISFACTION for ½ the PRICE! Giant Size 39¢ AT DRUG STORES. Extra Value Size 10¢ AT 5¢ STORES

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DENTLOCK CHEMICAL CO., Dept. A, ALBANY, N. Y.

GRAY HAIR?
The Best Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, for following this directions. To half pint of water add one ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of Glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week, until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo Compound is not poisonous, darkens gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not rub off, is not sticky or greasy and does not stain the skin. Should be handicapped by gray hair, when it is so unnecessary and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

YOU SAY LIFEBUOY'S THE ONLY TOILET SOAP YOU USE?

YES—FOR BATH, COMPLEXION AND HANDS! I'LL TELL YOU WHY—

MILLIONS GET TRIPLE PROTECTION

REGULAR Lifebuoy users swear by it! Lifebuoy's gentle, thorough lather for bath, complexion and hands ...*for bath*—because it stops "B.O." ...*for complexion*—because the same specially-prized ingredient in the lather which stops B.O. also helps keep complexions clear ...over 20% milder, by test than many so-called "beauty and baby soaps," for hands—because it removes germs as well as dirt!

Advertised in Good Housekeeping Bureau

Vacuum Cleaner a Necessity for Home Cleanliness

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

ONLY a few years ago a vacuum cleaner was quite in the luxury class of household tools. Today it is considered a necessity in maintaining a high standard of home cleanliness and sanitation.

A recent survey of homes and budgets disclosed the fact that in families with incomes around the $2,000 level, 699 out of every 1,000 homes had a vacuum cleaner, and that further, in levels of income lying between $2,000 and $3,000, some 928 families out of every 1,000 enjoyed the convenience and labor-saving of a vacuum cleaning outfit and its attachments.

The principle of the vacuum cleaner that of sucking in dust, completely revolutionized old-fashioned cleaning methods. Those of those bygone days when, come Saturday, the housewife swathed her head in a duster and towel, and moved all the furniture out on the porch (try that in an apartment house!) Scattering lumps of wetted newspapers or tea leaves (for both) over the entire floor, she then set to with muscle and broom to "sweep the carpet."

But, as was most evident to the eye and nose, the dust which she "swept" out of the carpet arose gracefully into the air and then took its leisure in gently settling down again over the pictures, curtains and furnishings.

There are many makes of cleaners on the market which are constantly being inspected, which right to buying reputable equipment, sponsored by reputable manufacturers, and the upkeep problems attendant on all mechanical aids will be simplified.

Next, know your tools; understand the functioning of that particular model, and exercise good common sense in using it. Keep the tag or leaflet, which comes with the appliance, so you'll know what type it is, what style or catalogue number and what the serial number is—just as you keep the serial number of the motor of your automobile. In case of accident, repair or replacement, all this information will make for easy and speedy adjustment.

Oil and cleanliness are the two important requirements governing all moving machinery. Everyone knows from practical experience how rubbing two metallic surfaces together will actually wear away either or both. Hence the need for lubrication: oil to permit these surfaces to slide one over or against the other. Moreover, when two metal surfaces thus wear one on the other a considerable amount of heat is generated, and this heat increases the wear.

In short, we must oil or lubricate all moving mechanisms or their parts so that they conflict with less force and less heat and consequently less wear. To function properly a machine must have a film of oil constantly between its moving parts.

But why all this talk which sounds like a chapter from a high school physics book? Because the vacuum cleaner is a mechanism with important moving parts, and because, alas, so many women mistreat it shamefully. They expect the vacuum to clean their rugs thoroughly and extract dirt and embedded grime daily, and yet they forget to oil their machine. And also they neglect to empty the dust-bag after each job of cleaning.

Thus the cleaner works at a disadvantage, often causing dirt from the bag to be expelled again into the room, thus negating the entire idea of the contrivance. "Oil and Empty" are the two simple ocrnmarne made by the vacuum cleaner in return for efficient, helpful service.

Many women who are completely sold on the benefits of this sanitary way of cleaning floor coverings still remain skeptical about the value of the attachments which come with such cleaners. After a few feeble attempts to use these special tools the result is that

Rich and fresh in the bag—

and saves us money

FAIRLY CLAMOR FOR IT—"When my young folks come in from skating and skiing, they fairly clamor for 'good old *Dated* Coffee.' Of course I serve it steaming hot and they say there's just no coffee flavor like it. I think it's mighty delicious myself and Chase & Sanborn surely saved us money when they put *Dated* Coffee in the paper bag."

Mrs. G. E. Ghees, Cleveland, Ohio

BEST FOR FLAVOR AND PRICE—"My morning coffee *has* to be rich and full flavored to give me a good start for my day's work. And the delicious coffee fragrance that fills my little apartment each morning is from Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee. I've found it best for flavor and for price, too, in the economical bag."

Jowell Bradford, St. Louis, Mo.

GETS UP EARLY FOR IT—"Some of our commuting neighbors take their breakfast in the city, rather than get up in time to have it at home. But my husband wouldn't think of missing out on our own brand of coffee. It's *Dated* Coffee in the bag—and he says its grand flavor is well worth getting up a little early for."

Mrs. Arthur E. Ruff, Tenafly, N. J.

SETS GREAT STORE BY IT—"I set great store by Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee. It tastes so swell, it sends me out in the morning feeling great for my job of cab driving. And it tastes just as good—or better—when I get home at night. Seems to me you just can't beat *Dated* Coffee in the bag for flavor and price."

John Gerard, Santa Monica, Calif.

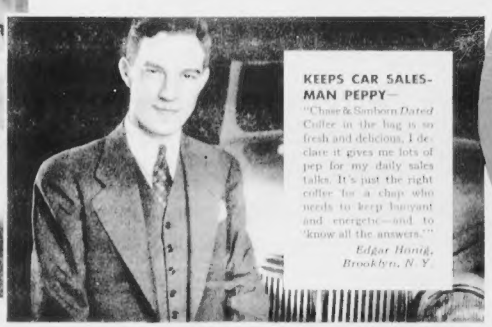
NEVER A MENU WITHOUT IT—"Planning tasty menus at economical cost is something of a problem. But there's no question of flavor or price when it comes to coffee. That's all taken care of by the rich taste and lowest price of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the bag. I never plan a menu without it."

Mrs. J. W. Randle, West Blocton, Ala.

WHEREVER fine coffee is appreciated, you hear the praises of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the bag.

It's made from the world's choice coffees. And every bag is rushed fresh to your grocer, clearly marked with the date he gets it—your protection against stale, rancid taste. You get *Dated* Coffee at the peak of its full, rich flavor—*guaranteed* fresh by our Dating Plan.

Yet it is low in price, because it's packed in a simple, inexpensive *Dated* bag. Buy a bag of delicious Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee at your grocer's tomorrow!



KEEPS CAR SALESMAN PEPPY—"Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the bag is so fresh and delicious, I declare it gives me lots of pep for my daily sales talks. It's just the right coffee for a chap who needs to keep buoyant and energetic—and to 'know all the answers.'"

Edgar Honig, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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